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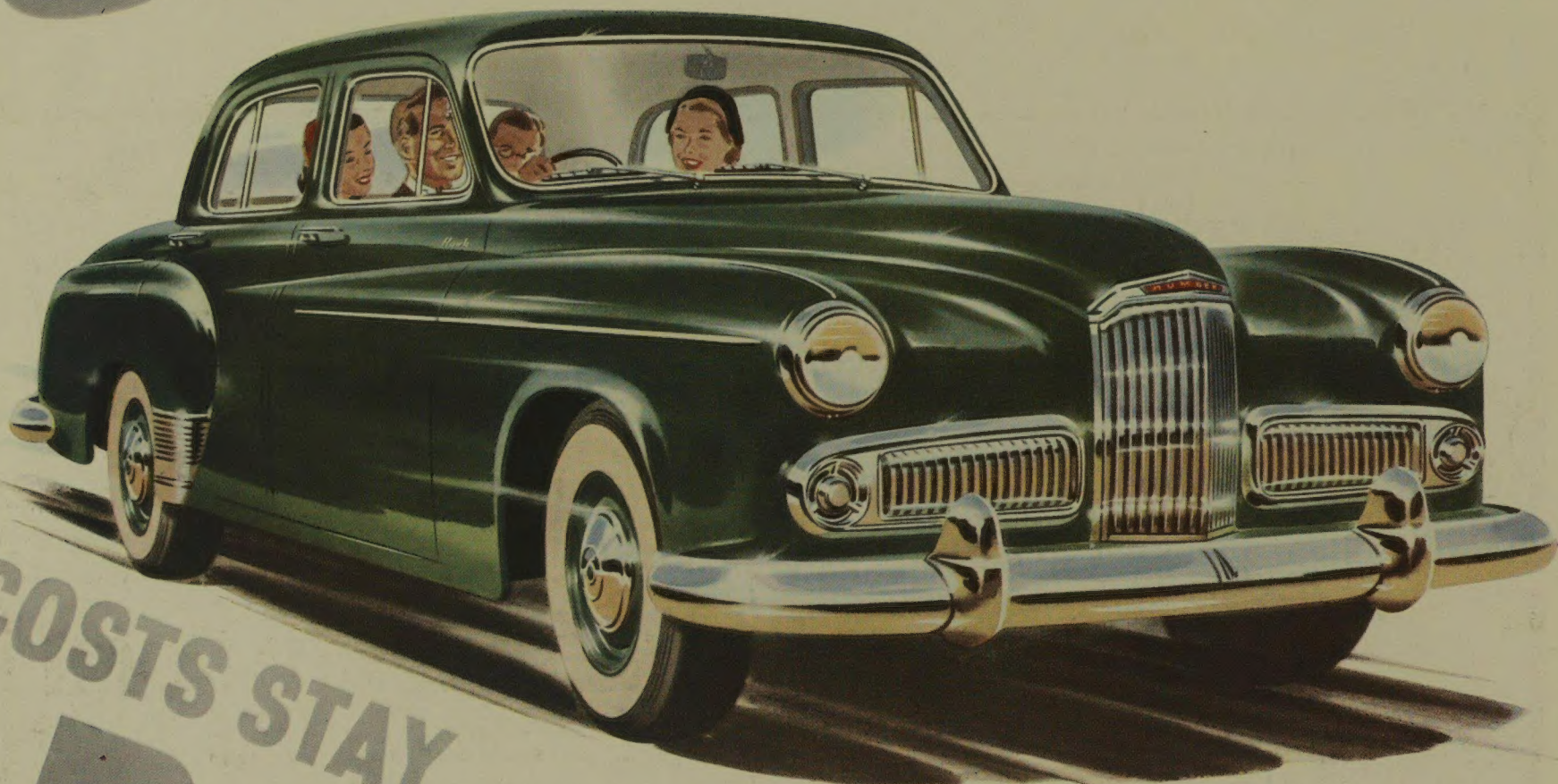
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“There’s a lot to be said for a flying career in the R.A.F.”

THIS young man applied to join the Royal Air Force for flying duties a couple of years ago. Now he holds a commission in the General Duties Branch and has qualified for his “wings.” He is back on a visit to his school—and everyone wants to know what the life is like.

He is finding it very much to his liking. The transition from school to Service life comes pretty easy: there’s still discipline, of course, but there is a big measure of freedom too. Working hours are full and absorbing. Much of the last two years has been spent in learning to fly and he still has a lot to learn, but he is able to fit in a good many other things as well. Physical fitness is a necessity in the R.A.F., and sport plays a big part in his life. He has been able to keep up his rugby, squash and cricket, and there are plenty of other activities on the Station. But what strikes him most forcibly about the career he has chosen is something that he will probably not try to express to his friends: the feeling that he belongs to a Service with a fine tradition and an inspiring task.

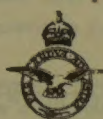
These opportunities are available to all young men who possess the personal qualities, flying aptitude and high medical standards needed to fly and navigate modern fighting aircraft. In addition to entry through the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, there are the new Direct Commissions for pilots and navigators in the General Duties (flying) Branch which offer a good prospect of making a career in the Royal Air Force.

As in all professions it depends largely on individual merit how far one goes in the Service. The best have excellent prospects of rising to high rank; for others there will be the opportunity of a pensionable appointment normally up to the age of fifty. Alternatively, an officer who wishes to return to civil life may leave the Service at the end of twelve years with a gratuity of £3,000, or after eight years with a gratuity of £1,500, both gratuities tax free.

The table below gives brief details of this and other methods of entry. If you would like fuller information you should write to: Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry (I.L.N. 204), Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2, giving details of your age and education and any other facts that may help the Air Ministry to assess your suitability for a commission.

METHOD OF ENTRY	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
<i>Cranwell Cadetship</i>	17½—19	<i>Civil Service Commission Examination</i>
<i>Direct Commission</i>	17½—26	<i>General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent</i>
<i>From a University</i>	20—26	<i>Normal degree at recognised university</i>
<i>National Service*</i>	<i>During Service</i>	<i>General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent</i>

* For subsequent flying in the R.Aux.A.F.



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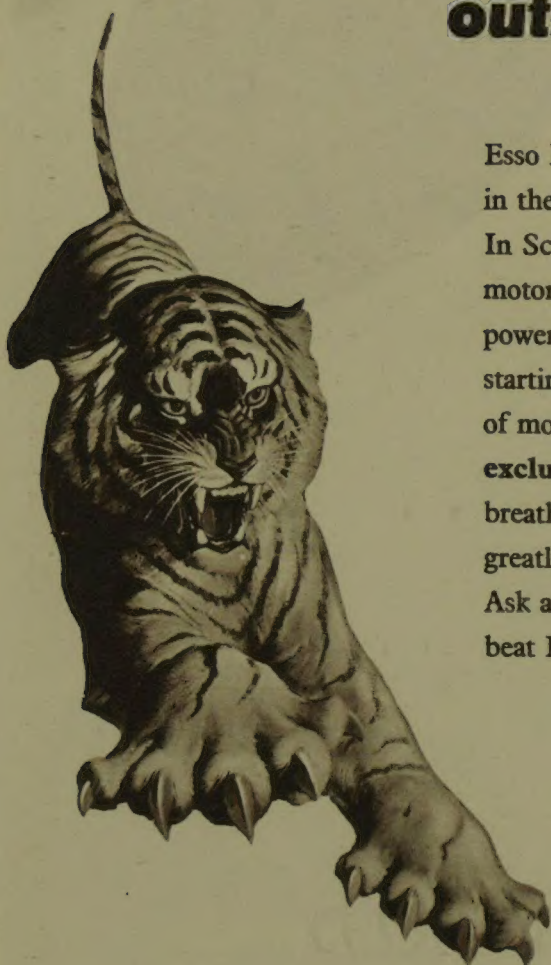
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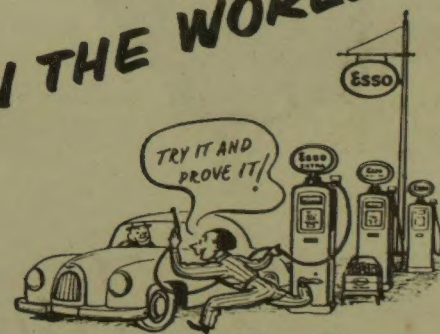
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1954.



THE INDO-CHINA MILITARY NEGOTIATIONS AT TRUNG GIA: (ABOVE) THE CONFERENCE HUT, AND (BELOW) THE FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) THE VIET MINH REPRESENTATIVES, IN CONFERENCE.

Negotiations between Franco-Vietnamese and Viet Minh staff officers opened at Trung Gia, twenty-five miles north of Hanoi, on July 4, after considerable delay owing to procedural discussions. The French delegation is led by Colonel Marcel Lennuyeux and consists of five French and three Vietnamese officers. The five Viet Minh officers who form the opposing party are led by General Van Tien-dung. The meeting-place consists of a straw-walled hut with a galvanized-iron roof, and

the rival delegations enter, as at Panmunjom during the Korean cease-fire talks, from opposite ends. Each delegation has a smaller hut of its own in the truce area, and they approach and leave by different routes. It was stated at the inception of the talks that they had been arranged to study, from a local point of view and in accordance with directives from Geneva, the possibility of regrouping Franco-Viet-Nam and Viet Minh forces in the event of a cease-fire.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"WHEN I am living in the Midlands," wrote Hilaire Belloc half a century ago,

"That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind."

Forty years ago, when I first read his poem, I agreed with him. The South Country was—and to-day once more is—my home, and, since it was the land in which I was brought up and first learnt to love, my affection for it is very deep-rooted. Like Belloc,

"I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there,
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare." *

And though where he wrote of Sussex I think of Dorset and Wiltshire, the feeling of allegiance is the same. Where one begins there one ends, and, as another poet of the South Country has written, man's heart is small.

Yet scarcely so small as all that. My own, I find, has room for the Midlands as well as the South Country, and when I lived in them, as I did for close on a quarter of a century, I did not find them "sodden and unkind." True, that the clay fields that surrounded my house on the north Buckinghamshire uplands were dark and heavy in the winter, that cold, white mists arose from them on November eves like wraiths, that from January to March bitter winds swept across sea and fen from the Urals, to make a hard, bleak landscape of the sloping grasslands around my ancient home. Yet how I loved those fields, with their hedgerow sentinels of stately yet ever friendly elms, their carpets of cowslips in May and their festoons of dog-roses along the June lanes. And how I love them and the memory of them still! The very thought of visiting them fills me with a wild anticipation, and actually to do so makes me, as it did a week or two ago when I passed through them, as excited as I used to be when I was a little boy. It so happened that my professional occasions necessitated a journey northward from London through the Home Counties—a direction which, now that I am rooted once more in the South, I seldom have cause to take. The road I followed, once so familiar, I had not travelled for nearly ten years, yet every tree along its course, every cluster of houses, every vista at every corner was an old friend. Even before the outer suburbs of London were left behind I was in a kind of ecstasy; I could scarcely sit soberly in the seat of the swaying car that carried me. For while the Middlesex-Buckinghamshire border was still uncrossed the crowning glory of the Midlands was already spread before my eyes: the fresh, vivid green of great trees nourished by the claylands, and the lovely blue horizons that such trees form. It is a spectacle that the dweller in the South Country, where the prevailing hues are dark green and tawny, seldom sees after midsummer; spring can be a revelation in Dorset—

"The violets suddenly bloom at her feet
She blesses us with surprise."

but by the end of June the magic is out of the grasses and foliage, and one has to wait till September and the soft, enchanted autumns of the West Country for the glory to return. In Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire—the counties that made Milton a poet—it never leaves them. Many would not agree with me; I suppose I am prejudiced. Perhaps in some previous existence I was a squirrel or badger; my natural *habitat* seems to be a forest, and the most beautiful countryside to me is always old forest land: the kind of country that Mary Mitford describes in that enchanting, now almost unread, book, "Our Village," where the farmhouses were buried in leaves and wreathed to their clustering chimneys with vines, and the little enclosures so closely set with growing timber as to resemble forest-glades: one could scarcely peep, she wrote, through the leaves. Most of the south Midland country is former woodland: Chiltern and Bernwood, Whittlewood and

Salcey, and it is this that gives it its variety and calm beauty and its exquisite blue horizons. I found it saddening, climbing out of the Vale of Aylesbury on to the rolling north Buckinghamshire plain where I lived for so many years, to see how woefully the countryside had been transformed in the last decade by the massacre of coppice and hedgerow timber. The landscape had lost much of its depth and magic; parts of it, transformed by senseless felling, had assumed the featureless and melancholy mediocrity that, to one pair of ageing eyes at least, now informs the western and treeless end of Kensington Gardens and that, if the present campaign against our traditional elms continues, will presumably become the predominant feature of English scenery for the next century. Happily, largely owing to the stubborn survival of a remnant of the squirearchy in its heroic, if hopeless, struggle against the bureaucrat and tax-gatherer, large areas of Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire and Northamptonshire are still beautiful with the great trees that have adorned and enriched them since English history began; for perhaps another decade or two Englishmen in these parts and travellers passing through them may still be able to understand why England was so long regarded as a beautiful land. Perhaps I am wrong in such gloomy prognostications; perhaps, however foolish man's behaviour, England will renew herself in the magical way she always seems able to take. I was

particularly struck, as I drove out of London through the suburban areas which thirty years ago were newly-ruined countryside, by the beauty of the trees then planted along the raw new streets and arterial roads. The kindly, if rather puckish magician who presides over the English climate can still apparently transform everything, however harsh and brash, to a serene and mellow loveliness in the course of a single generation. I am a fool to fear for England, as so many other English Jeremiahs have been fools before me.

On the afternoon of my journey I found myself lecturing to an audience of country neighbours interested in their country's past, in an ancient house whose windows looked out across rolling green hills to the battlefield of Naseby. My audience, which filled the body of a seventeenth-century hall and the oak staircase that rose into the mysterious interior behind its beautiful screen, was a reminder, after a decade and a half of war and social revolution, of how strong and at heart imperishable is the English tradition. Afterwards I was borne back by my kind hosts to an eighteenth-century miniature baroque palace, planted by some eccentric English genius in the middle of the Northamptonshire landscape. From its tall windows, reminiscent of

the sleeping princess's palace in the fairy-tale ballet, long avenues of elms and limes radiated into the horizons, and topiary hedges, planted by my host's father a generation ago, played a fantastic chessman's game with classical temples, summer-houses and statues set among ornamental ponds and fountains. It brought home to me, as indeed everything that I had seen that afternoon had done, the range and catholicity of our country's heritage. Two days later I found myself speeding across the Lincolnshire wolds towards the one English cathedral I had never seen. It was a day of mist and low cloud and, though I knew the great churches and former abbeys of the fenlands, I was unprepared for the vision so suddenly vouchsafed me. For floating in the upper air, without any connecting link with earth, two vast towers appeared whose existence could only be explained by a faith so strong that it had had power to cause men to move mountains. Who gave that faith, and whence it came, is a question to which modern knowledge can return no answer: those two inscrutable, mysterious towers, though made of stone and by human hands, were not of this world and seemed to make an unreality of the conceptions both of time and progress. Like Salisbury's spire or St. Paul's dome, they were the expression of a greatness and perfection of perception and balance which puny man does not in himself possess, but can only derive from some power far transcending his own. A few minutes later I was in the streets of Lincoln, looking up over the roofs of the city at that great citadel and towering wall of faith which seven centuries ago our forbears raised to be a reminder that, out of the pitiful weakness, folly and transience of mortality, man can sometimes behold and reveal the infinite glory of God.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH MUSEUM.



WITH TWO MAIN GALLERIES RUNNING ROUND IT: THE MAIN HALL OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH MUSEUM, WHOSE CENTENARY IS CELEBRATED THIS MONTH.

The Royal Scottish Museum in Edinburgh is celebrating its centenary this month. The date fixed for the reception to mark the anniversary is Monday next, July 19, which is also the opening night of the Annual Conference of the Museums Association, which is being held in Edinburgh as a 100th birthday compliment. Our photograph shows the Main Hall, 270 ft. in length, with a glass roof, and two galleries running round it.

* "Verses," pp. 6-7. H. Belloc (Duckworth).

THE FLOOD DISASTER IN CENTRAL EUROPE: HAVOC AND RESCUE SCENES IN MANY AREAS.



PUNTING THROUGH STREETS TRANSFORMED INTO CANALS BY THE WATERS OF THE SWOLLEN SALZACH: INHABITANTS OF THE FLOODED TOWN OF BURGHAUSEN, BAVARIA.



ASPHALT BROKEN UP BY THE WATERS: THE WRECKED AUTOBAHN, BETWEEN PIDING AND REICHENHALL.



TYPICAL OF THE SCENES AT PASSAU, WHICH STANDS AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE INN AND DANUBE: A WOMAN DESCENDING A LADDER INTO A RESCUE BOAT.



SHOWING THE COUNTRYSIDE TRANSFORMED INTO A LAKE: A VIEW OF ROSENHEIM, FOLLOWING THE FLOODS CAUSED BY THE SWOLLEN RIVER WATERS.



ROARING UNDER A BRIDGE IN MUNICH: THE WIND-WHIPPED, ANGRY, FLOODED ISAR. THE PHOTOGRAPH INDICATES THE HEIGHT TO WHICH THE RIVER HAD RISEN.



A RESCUE BOAT APPROACHING A WOMAN (RIGHT) KNEE-DEEP IN WATER. A VIEW OF PASSAU, WHERE SOME BUILDINGS WERE FLOODED ONE STOREY-DEEP.



A BEER-CELLAR UNDER WATER: A HUGE BARREL IS SEEN ALMOST COVERED BY THE FLOOD, AND A BAVARIAN IS PUNTING HIS WAY ABOUT ON AN IMPROVISED RAFT.

Torrential and continuous rains caused disastrous floods in south-eastern Germany and Upper Austria which have been stated to be the worst for a century. On July 11 it was announced that tens of thousands of people had been evacuated from their homes—in Austria alone the number amounted to 30,000—and that the death-roll was known to be nine in East Germany, eight in Bavaria, and seven in Austria. The submerged area extended along 150 miles of the course of the Danube in the American and Soviet zones from Linz to the northern outskirts of Vienna; while Bavaria was an equal sufferer. Passau, at the confluence of the

Inn and the Danube, where a smaller river, the Ilz, also joins the Danube, was almost completely inundated, some houses being one storey-deep in the floods—reported to have been the worst since 1852. The Inn and the Danube rose over 30 ft. above their normal level. American and Soviet servicemen have been helping in rescue work; and an appeal for funds has been issued. Thirty thousand houses were under water between Passau and Linz, and along the Austrian banks of the Inn. The *autobahn* was smashed by the force of the floods between Piding and Reichenhall; and as yet it is not possible to assess the vast havoc to property.

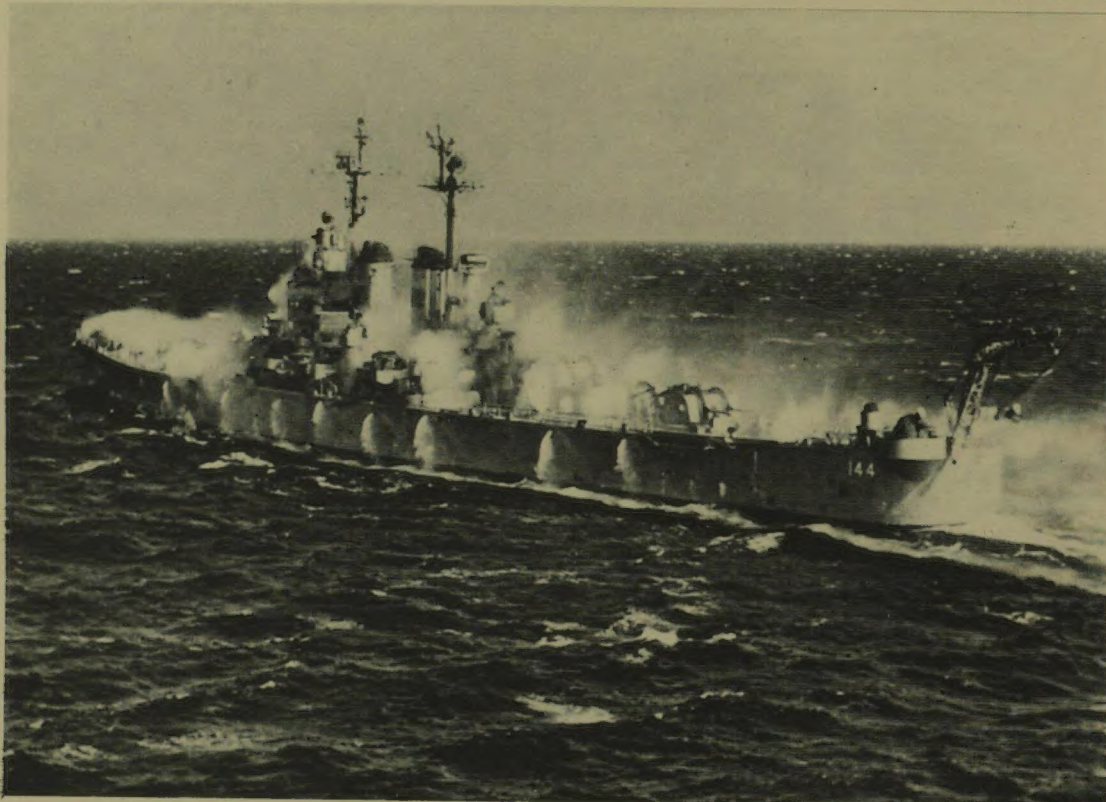
NOTABLE EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: AN INTERESTING MISCELLANY.



ADMIRING THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP WON BY THE RUSSIAN EIGHT, AT HENLEY: THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR AND MRS. MALIK (R.) WITH (L.) VLADIMIR KRUKOV, WHO STROKED THE WINNING EIGHT, AT A RECEPTION AT THE SOVIET EMBASSY. THE RUSSIANS ALSO WON THE STEWARDS' CUP AND THE SILVER GOBLET.

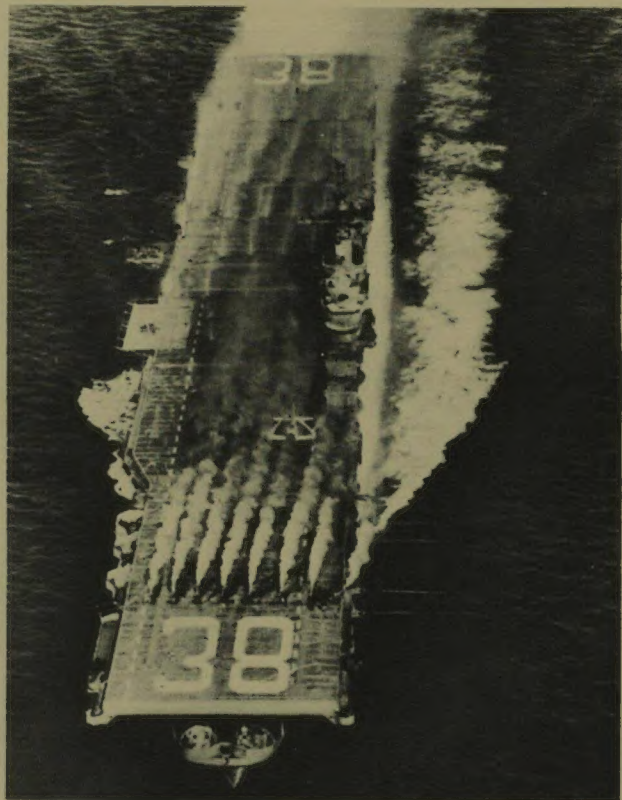


THE HARROW TEAM WHICH BEAT ETON BY NINE WICKETS AT LORD'S ON JULY 9-10 (LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW): G. W. H. STEVENSON; N. DAVIES-BARKER; M. J. L. SIDLEY; J. M. PARKER; G. D. MASSY; R. S. MILLER; (SEATED, LEFT TO RIGHT) T. J. E. LARDNER; C. A. STRANG; A. R. B. NEAME (CAPTAIN); R. B. BLOOMFIELD AND (ON GROUND) W. ALDOUS. Harrow's victory, their third since World War I., was to a large extent the result of a fine performance by their captain, A. R. B. Neame, who scored 49 in his first innings and took seven for 30 in Eton's second innings.



WASHING AWAY THE DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION: THE U.S. LIGHT CRUISER WORCESTER UNDER STEAM WHILE NOZZLES SPRAY THE WHOLE SHIP, AND WASH AWAY RADIOACTIVE DÉBRIS.

These two photographs were taken during the U.S. atomic tests of March, and demonstrated a method which was successfully used to clear warships of dangerous radioactive dust. For twelve to fourteen hours, ten warships, which had been fitted with an array of nozzles, sailed with all the crew below deck, sealed in, while



FULL STEAM AHEAD WHILE SPRAY NOZZLES WASH AWAY RADIOACTIVE DECONTAMINATION: U.S.S. SHANGRI LA DURING TESTS. sea water was continually sprayed over the decks and superstructure, and protected technicians made periodic tests for radioactivity with Geiger counters. The tests, which were made in Pacific waters, were considered very satisfactory.



THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF AT ETON: FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING INSPECTING ARMY CADETS.

Field Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., arrived at Eton in a helicopter on July 6, alighting on the playing fields adjoining School Field, and inspected the school's combined cadet force.



CONSECRATED ON JULY 11 TO SAINT THERESA OF LISIEUX: THE GREAT NEW BASILICA OF LISIEUX, NORMANDY. The new basilica of Lisieux, Normandy, was consecrated on July 11 to Saint Theresa of Lisieux, the "Little Flower." The Pope broadcast from the Vatican, and the Archbishop of Paris pontificated at High Mass in the presence of Cardinals and Bishops.



THE WELCH REGIMENT'S NEW GOAT, TAFFY THE TENTH, BEING INVESTED WITH HIS SCARLET CLOAK. The Welch Regiment's last goat mascot, Taffy the Ninth, died in Hong Kong last year. On July 10 his successor, Taffy the Tenth, was presented to representatives of the regiment in a ceremony at the London Zoo. He will now be trained at Cardiff by Corporal Tullett, the Goat-major.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, BISLEY, SANDOWN, WALES: SOME ROYAL OCCASIONS.



THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE QUEEN'S BODYGUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS, ON JULY 6: HER MAJESTY, WEARING A YELLOW DRESS AND HAT, IS PASSING DOWN THE LINE. LATER [Continued, right.]

[Continued.] SHE TOOK THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH PAST, STANDING ON THE TERRACE, BETWEEN LIEUT.-COLONEL THE EARL OF ONSLOW, CAPTAIN, YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALLAN ADAIR, LIEUTENANT.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN WALES: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ACCEPTING A TRAVELLING-RUG MADE AT THE WOOLLEN MILL IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WELSH FOLK MUSEUM.



AFTER FLYING FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY HELICOPTER: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING AT BISLEY ON JULY 9. The Duke of Edinburgh flew to Bisley by helicopter on July 9 as the guest of the English XX. Club, of which he is patron. He saw the Royal Navy beat the Regular Army in the United Service Challenge Cup; watched the final of the English XX. County Championship and then presented the King George V. Challenge Cup to the winners, the County of Devon.



THE QUEEN AT SANDOWN: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR GORDON RICHARDS; WHO WAS LATER INJURED. The Queen was at Sandown for the Eclipse Stakes. Sir Gordon Richards was injured when her *Abergeldie*, which he was to have ridden in the Star Stakes, fell on him. Her Majesty did not witness the accident, but as soon as she heard of it, she asked to be kept informed of Sir Gordon's condition. He was taken to Rowley Bristow Hospital.



WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF THE WELSH FOLK MUSEUM, ST. FAGAN'S, NEAR CARDIFF: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO ON JULY 8 PAID HER THIRD VISIT TO WALES SINCE THE WAR; AND RECEIVED A GREAT WELCOME.

Princess Margaret, who is President of the Sunshine Homes of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, visited Wales on July 8 to open a new Sunshine Home for Blind Babies at Southerndown, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, overlooking the Bristol Channel, which has been founded with funds raised in five years



CARDIFF'S WELCOME TO PRINCESS MARGARET: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT CARDIFF CITY HALL, PASSING DOWN THE STAIRCASE LINED WITH GIRL GUIDES AND SEA RANGERS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE LORD MAYOR.

by ten Cardiff business men. One gift they received was £10,000 from the Variety Club of Great Britain. The Princess also visited Cardiff; and the Welsh Folk Museum, St. Fagan's, where she unveiled a plaque commemorating Lord Plymouth's gift of the Castle and grounds to the National Museum of Wales.

"A NEST OF EAGLES."

"THE HOME LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE AND HIS BROTHERS."*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. and Mrs. Lawrence, of Oxford, had five sons. The third and fourth were killed in France in 1915; the second, whose name is a legend over half the world, died as the result of a motor-cycle crash in Dorset, in 1935, after surviving the most desperate adventures in foreign fields. The eldest son, Mr. M. R. Lawrence, has now transcribed ("many of the letters by T. E. were damaged by water and have been exceedingly difficult to read") all their letters home, and publishes them with few cuts. Many of T. E.'s have been printed before, wholly or in part, in various volumes; but many have not. The others, I take it, are new to print.

These are letters from three young men. After reading them, a fourth person is as vividly present to my mind: namely, the mother to whom a large proportion of them is addressed. One can deduce people's characters, tastes, temperaments and intelligence at least as surely from the letters addressed to them as from those which they write: the letters of a person with a diversity of acquaintances tend to be kaleidoscopic in theme, and even chameleonic, and he may appear puzzlingly adaptable. And that Mrs. Lawrence was one

of the most remarkable mothers of a remarkable brood since the mother of the Gracchi is evident from the way in which her variegated progeny pour out to her all their experiences, and their observations about those experiences. Many a mother, doubtless, has had to read enthusiastic letters about cricket scores and jumping records: and so did this mother. Many a mother has read, and meditated on, effusions about the political, economic, religious and racial problems of the world with intelligence and sympathy: and so did this mother. But this mother (the father, as he appears here, of course, is revealed as an ailing man, with a taste for architecture and art, who cheers up when he has won a round of golf against a nominally better player) is presumed, by her sons, to understand everything in which they are interested. The very first letter in the book, written by T. E. L. from Colchester when he was but seventeen, and on an architectural tour with his father, begins: "It seems rather a long time since I wrote to you, and so, as it's Sunday, we have decided that it is my turn to write to you. This morning Father and I went to St. Botolph's, the modern church near the old Priory Ruins. We have Picture P. Cards of the present state of the ruins so you will be able to compare the two views. The Ruins are all made of Roman tiles;—thousands of them,—and even the arcading is made of tiles. The actual large Norman Arch in the centre is, however, faced with stone. Behind this entrance there are a number of Norman Piers all made of rubble and bricks; they were once faced [here come two pen-drawings] with plaster. The modern church (Built in 1836) is a very good specimen of modern Norman; in fact Father and I had only two holes to pick in it, and it harmonizes excellently with the old, being made of a greyish brick. Colchester is all over Roman remains; all the churches are full of Roman tiles and brick work, from Saxon Holy Trinity to Italian Renaissance St. Peter's: the Castle is brick from top to bottom; and large portions of the old walls still remain all round the town. The West Gate (Roman) still exists entire. It is rather like a tunnel and is about 11 feet high but only 5 feet wide. Its masonry is rubble and every two feet up are four courses of Roman tile. The stone work is regular at the bottom and has been squared. Up above it degenerates. There are about four rows of tiling altogether; and the wall is about 13 ft. high. The mortar is as soft as cheese. Next the gate was a guard room; nearly perfect; all except its roof, which had been of wood. The stone vaulting of the gate and guard room passage was perfect."

That is a letter from a boy, and a genius at that, to his mother. Had the mother been a Mrs. Bennet

or a Mrs. Nickleby it is evident that no considerate son could possibly have imposed such abracadabra (as she would have deemed it) upon her. Had his mother been merely an exceptionally cultivated lady (with a knowledge of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" and a great deal more), he certainly wouldn't, caring for her, have inflicted tiles, mortar, and measurements upon her. It is obvious that she shared

didn't know him thought that when, after the war, he vanished into the ranks of the Air Force and the Tank Corps as Shaw or Ross, he was "putting on an act." This was not so. He simply wanted to get away from the din and conflict of politics into which he had been drawn, and to escape a fame which he never, at any rate consciously, sought. He had a passion for travelling light, as regards rank, titles,

publicity and everything else. When he was promoted Colonel he begged his friends to address their letters to him without rank or decorations on them. The wording in one letter is characteristically laconic: "They have now given me a D.S.O. *For Tafleh*. It's a pity all this good stuff is not sent to someone who would use it! Also, apparently, I'm a colonel of sorts. Don't make any change in my address, of course." It was the frugality of the desert Arabs that was one of their attractions for him; perhaps it was his austerity which was part of his attraction for them. Writing from France, when on a bicycling tour, he said: "There is a great difficulty in getting a decent drink in France: milk is not obtainable anywhere, and *eau de seltz* only

occasionally. The result is that one gets very thirsty." I don't think many of his contemporaries would have found it very hard to get "a decent drink in France"; and they wouldn't have bothered about milk and soda, either.

There was a slight puritanical strain in all three brothers. The second one, who was a lay teacher in a mission school in Delhi, seems to have been, for all his deep-seated piety, a more humorous and easy-going "mixer" than the others. His letters from India are full of picturesque, amusing and illuminating detail concerning things seen and heard. Some of his remarks concerning Indian politics and the complexity of India are like searchlights thrown forward. A newcomer to the country, he recorded things with which an old-stager, inured, might not have bothered. For instance: "To-day I have been down by the river since before six with a Brahmin student looking at a Hindu festival. It's marvellous how many people there are in the country, all sorts of people, bright-eyed mostly and weak-mouthed. The women give a better general impression than the men, running less to fat, but the village men are very fine animals, many of them. It was strange to see regular thousands of people bathing in the muddy river, in the most orderly manner, with the banks thronged with booths full of people. The Moham-medan is generally better to look at than these Hindus, who consider, quite literally, a large stomach to be a sign of spirituality. They are very proud of such remarks as the West is material and the East spiritual; but India is par excellence the land of fat men (and of cruelty to animals). This is of the townsmen; the villagers are better, and more inclined to do their duty without talking about it."

The youngest, Frank, was but a boy when, as a subaltern of the 1st Gloucesters, he was killed, on May 9, 1915. He had had two years at Oxford and he was the only one of the brothers who had intended to be a regular soldier. He had a strong streak of the family austerity. When he found a cook bringing (at home, this was) four pints of beer in for four men, he paid for the drink and poured it on the ground with the comment: "They would not have got drunk; but they would have been made queer." He deplored the habits of some of the men and thought they would have been better had they not frequented "theatres and music-halls." But he was a winning character, a very conscientious young officer. He died leading his platoon forward preparatory to the assault. The noble letter which he wrote to his mother, to be delivered in the event of his death, is a treasure to find within the covers of such a book: but I should feel it unseemly to transcribe such a thing here.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 114 of this issue.



T. E. LAWRENCE, ORGANISER OF THE ARAB REVOLT AGAINST THE TURKS; SCHOLAR; ARCHEOLOGIST; AND MAN OF LETTERS.

When Sir Winston Churchill unveiled the memorial to Lawrence of Arabia in Oxford in 1936 he described him as "one of those beings whose pace of life was faster and more intense than what is normal." Sir Winston's speech—by request of Mrs. Lawrence—forms the introduction to that section of "The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his Brothers" devoted to the letters of her second and most famous son.



THE FOURTH OF THE LAWRENCE BROTHERS: FRANK (F. H.) LAWRENCE (1893-1915).

Frank Lawrence, fourth of the Lawrence brothers, gained a King Charles I. Exhibition at Jesus College, Oxford, for mathematics. A fine athlete, he played regularly in Jesus College first eleven Association Football Team, 1913-14. He joined the O.T.C. on entering Jesus College in 1913, was given his commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd Gloucesters on the outbreak of war in 1914; and killed in May, 1915, leading his men forward preparatory to the assault.



THE THIRD OF THE LAWRENCE BROTHERS: WILL (W. G.) LAWRENCE (1889-1915).

Will (W. G.) Lawrence, third of the five Lawrence brothers, whom Sir Ernest Barker describes as "a nest of eagles," was an exhibitioner and afterwards a Casberd Scholar of St. John's College, Oxford. In the autumn of 1913 he went to India on the staff of St. Stephen's College, Delhi. He returned in March, 1915, and was commissioned in The Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. He transferred to the R.F.C. as an observer in August; and was shot down and killed in October.

his interest in these things, and that he knew she would be glad of his communicated knowledge. Next year he was in France and sending her far more elaborate descriptions of the details of castles and churches, with a brief introduction to the practice of archaeological digging for his brother Will, aged seventeen. And so until the war came, which found him engaged on a dig at Hittite Carchemish, and



T. E. LAWRENCE (1888-1935), MOST FAMOUS OF THE LAWRENCE BROTHERS, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM" AND "REVOLT IN THE DESERT," AND HERO OF WORLD WAR I. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY B. H. LIDDELL HART.

T. E. Lawrence, second of the five brothers, made a tour in Syria on foot in 1910 in order to study Crusading Architecture, when he first learnt Arabic. Though by nature a scholar, he had remarkable powers of leadership and his achievements in inspiring the Arabs to revolt against the Turks are world famous. His dislike of publicity caused him to serve in the ranks of the R.A.F. and to change his name to Shaw. He was killed in a motor-cycling accident in May, 1935.

Illustrations by courtesy of the publishers of "The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his Brothers," the book reviewed on this page.

already the author of books on "Crusader Castles" and the "Wilderness of Zin." Had there been no war he would have remained his natural self, a wandering scholar, an antiquary, and, in some way or other, a man of letters. He wrote well from the start, and after his return took a very keen interest in English prose, its fine shades of word, phrase and rhythm, as scores of letters to his friends attest. "People who

* "The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his Brothers," Illustrated. (Basil Blackwell; 3 guineas.)



WITH HER DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, WHO NOW TAKES HER SHARE OF THE MANY OFFICIAL DUTIES UNDERTAKEN BY THE ROYAL FAMILY: THE DUCHESS OF KENT, IN HER GARDEN AT COPPINS.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, whose husband, the late Duke of Kent, brother of King George VI., and uncle of the Queen, was killed on active service, now has her seventeen-year-old daughter, Princess Alexandra, at her side on many occasions. Her Royal Highness, who completed her education in Paris last April, accompanied her mother to Northern Ireland in May, and is to go with her to Canada in August. During her visit to the Dominion, the Duchess of Kent will open the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, and inaugurate the new generating station of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission at Niagara Falls on August 30, and she and the Princess Alexandra will conclude their tour by a visit to Nova Scotia. Princess Alexandra has already carried out a number of

official duties this year, and has attended many social functions including Royal Ascot and the Alexandra Rose Ball. Her first "solo" appearance on a public occasion was on June 11, when she attended a reception at St. James's Palace given by The Junior Red Cross, of which she is Patron; and on June 30 she launched from the shipyard of John Brown and Co. at Clydebank the 32,000-ton tanker, *British Soldier*. On this occasion Lord Aberconway, chairman of the builders, stated at a luncheon afterwards that her Royal Highness had "played her part with that charm and grace which we . . . have come to regard as inseparable from the Royal family." Our photograph of the Royal mother and daughter was taken at Coppins, the Duchess of Kent's Buckinghamshire home.

THE BATTLE OF PHU-LY: A FRENCH WITHDRAWAL IN THE HANOI "BOX."



(ABOVE.) THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF PHU-LY. IT WAS AT THIS POINT THE MOROCCAN TROOPS MET THE FIRST ASSAULT OF THE VIET-MINH, THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF HANOI.



THE CENTRE OF THE BATTLE OF PHU-LY: A STRONG-POINT WHERE MOROCCANS MET THE ASSAULT OF THE COMMUNISTS AND THEN PASSED TO THE COUNTER-ATTACK.

"Operation Auvergne," the evacuation of the southern part of the Red River Delta, reported elsewhere in this issue, was believed to be complete on July 2 and a new defensive position created, with its corners resting on Phu-Ly in the south, Sontay in the west, Luc Nam in the north and Haiphong in the east. Soon after dawn the Communists attacked Phu-Ly with five battalions, one of which got into the town itself. After six hours' fighting French armoured units and infantry, supported by aircraft, went into the counter-attack and caused heavy Viet-Minh losses. Following the success of this counter-attack, the French Union forces withdrew, after blowing up the bridge across the River Day and destroying ammunition dumps. It was claimed by staff officers that this withdrawal had been planned before the Communist attack, but, although this may be so, it seems likely that the withdrawal was made sooner than was intended. Communist pressure continued in the Delta in the week following, but by July 10-11 had died down.



THE EVACUATION OF MY-COI: LOOKING DOWN FROM A STRONG-POINT ON A FRENCH UNION MOTORISED GROUP. THIS EVACUATION COINCIDED WITH THAT OF NAM-DINH, THE THIRD LARGEST TOWN OF THE DELTA.



MOROCCAN TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES AROUND PHU-LY. THIS TOWN WAS ATTACKED BY THE COMMUNISTS, SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED, BUT LATER ABANDONED BY THE FRENCH.



FRENCH UNION ARMOURD TROOPS OBSERVING THE BOMBARDMENT OF ENEMY POSITIONS, DURING THE BATTLE OF PHU-LY. AN ARMOURD COLUMN LED THE COUNTER-ATTACK.



(ABOVE.) FORTIFIED TO REPEL A VIET-MINH ATTACK: AN AERIAL VIEW OF NHAU TUU, SIX MILES NORTH WEST OF PHU LY, SHOWING ARTILLERY POSITIONS, TENTS AND VEHICLES.

DESCRIBED by the French High Command in Hanoi as an "extremely grave decision," the plan of General Ely, C-in-C. in Indo-China, to evacuate the whole of the southern part of the Red River Delta, announced on June 30, has been dictated, it is emphasised, entirely by military considerations and is not a prelude to the withdrawal from Hanoi and the Delta as a whole. "Operation Auvergne," as the evacuation was called, was virtually completed by July 2, and in an order of the day, General Salan, the Deputy C-in-C. in Indo-China, congratulated the forces involved. Following the withdrawal from Phu Ly, thirty miles south of Hanoi, on July 3, the French line became more or less stable across a front roughly twenty miles south of Hanoi and the Hanoi-Haiphong axis. The withdrawing troops have regrouped at Thinh Duc Ha; and Nhai Tuu, some six miles north-west of Phu Ly, has become one of the last bastions of French defence before Hanoi, and has been heavily fortified to repel a Viet-Minh attack.

(RIGHT.) COVERING THE EVACUATION OF TROOPS AND LOYAL NATIVES IN THE RED RIVER DELTA: A FRENCH TANK IN POSITION SOUTH OF PHU LY



THE FRENCH FIGHTING WITHDRAWAL IN THE RED RIVER DELTA: DEFENSIVE POSITIONS AT NHAU TUU, AND NEAR PHU LY.

REFUGEES IN THE RED RIVER DELTA: THE EVACUATION OF VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS.



A WOUNDED VIETNAMESE WOMAN BEING CARRIED TO AN AID POST: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MY-COI DURING THE EVACUATION OF THE DISTRICT ON JULY 1.



LORRIES BEING LOADED WITH REFUGEES AND THEIR GOODS IN NAM-DINH, ONE OF THE CHIEF TOWNS ABANDONED DURING THE RECENT FRENCH CONCENTRATION IN THE RED RIVER DELTA.



THE END OF THE EVACUATION OF NAM-DINH, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT TOWNS ABANDONED TO THE COMMUNISTS. THE LAST TROOPS PREPARE TO LEAVE.

The problem of the evacuation of the large area of the Red River Delta from which the French Union Command in Tonking withdrew is a civil as well as a military one. The area is a large, rough triangle with, at its points, Phutho, Phat Diem and Thai-Binh, and it lies south and west of the Hanoi-Haiphong corridor. Although the Red River Delta has been riddled with guerillas and has proved extremely difficult to control, nevertheless the evacuation of this large section leaves free to the Communists a rich area for recruitment and supply. Its population is perhaps two million of the seven to nine million of the total population of the Delta, and it



ABOUT 50,000 CIVILIANS WERE EVACUATED FROM THE AREA DURING THE WITHDRAWAL AT THE END OF JUNE. REMOVING GOODS FROM NAM-DINH.



THE HUSH BETWEEN FRENCH UNION WITHDRAWAL AND COMMUNIST OCCUPATION: THE DESERTED RUE DE LA COTONNIÈRE, IN NAM-DINH.

contains many strongly anti-Communist inhabitants. In Hanoi it was unofficially estimated that about 50,000 civilians had been evacuated by land, water and air. The evacuation of Phat Diem was largely a naval affair, and the Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Le Huu Tu, and the principal citizens were taken out in an operation covered by the French cruiser *Gloire* and some gunboats. Perhaps the most disheartening feature of the situation is the relative indifference of large numbers of the native inhabitants of the Delta, together with the presence of a considerable "Fifth Column" awaiting the appropriate moment.

"OPERATION AUVERGNE"—THE REGROUPING OF FRENCH UNION FORCES IN THE RED RIVER DELTA.



SLOW PROGRESS BEING MADE THROUGH PADDY-FIELDS BY TANKS OF THE FRENCH AND VIET-NAM FORCES DURING THEIR WITHDRAWAL FROM YEN-PHU.



BADLY DAMAGED BY VIET MINH REBELS: THE COMMAND POST AT YEN-PHU, IN THE SOUTH-EASTERN SECTOR OF THE RED RIVER DELTA.



DESTROYING A BRIDGE ON THE COLONIAL ROAD AS THEY PULL OUT OF NAM-DINH, IN TONKING: FRENCH SOLDIERS OF THE ENGINEER CORPS.

"Operation Auvergne," the name given to the withdrawal of French Union forces from the whole of the southern sector of the Red River Delta, in Indo-China, was announced by the French High Command in Hanoi on June 30, although the withdrawal had, in fact, begun about a week before. On July 3, after some of the most bitter fighting since the fall of Dien Bien Phu, it was announced that Phu Ly, the south-western outpost of the quadrilateral into which the French Union forces had retired, had been evacuated and soon afterwards entered by Viet Minh rebels. Regrouping movements were immediately begun and the French continued withdrawing towards Hungyen. General Salan, the French



A FRENCH SPOTTER AIRCRAFT OPERATING NEAR YEN-PHU DURING THE REGROUPING OF FRENCH UNION FORCES IN THE RED RIVER DELTA.



FRENCH ARTILLERY AT THE FORTRESS OF NHAI TUU, SIX MILES NORTH-WEST OF PHU LY, PREPARING TO FIRE ON VIET MINH POSITIONS.

Deputy C.-in-C., announced in Hanoi on July 3 that all the Viet Minh's eight regular divisions were now ready for action around the delta. Nevertheless, the French withdrawal, which he considered a "98 per cent. success," had forestalled a general offensive in the southern delta planned for July 2 or 3, and had thus gained time for his forces to regroup and to resist a general attack, delaying thereby the "possible battle for Hanoi." On July 8 it was reported from Hanoi that the Indo-China cease-fire talks, begun on July 4 at Trung Gia, had run into difficulties. An agreement in principle on an exchange of sick and wounded French Union prisoners was reached on July 5.

LAST week I wrote of the exhibition at Tunbridge Wells, of material lent by Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, in commemoration of the quater-centenary of the birth of Sir Philip Sidney. His younger brother, Robert, is also represented, and his correspondence is of high interest. He was, of course, overshadowed by his brother, as kinsmen of the great generally are by the great. Perhaps men such as he and Anthony Bacon would stand out more prominently had their brothers been less famous. Robert was brought up to believe that his ideal must be to resemble Philip as nearly as possible. "Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions," wrote their father, Sir Henry, to his second son. He would seem to have followed the advice. He was charming, cultivated, interested in art and music. He showed ability in war and diplomacy. He was, however, not a poet, though songs set to music by Dowland are attributed in part to him. He lacked the elusive quality of genius.

On the other hand, Robert's life was longer than Philip's by some thirty years. He was in his years of grandeur a Jacobean, not an Elizabethan, figure. He restored the fortunes of an impoverished house. He began by marrying, at twenty, an heiress, Barbara Gamage, who does not appear to have been wealthy but brought him Welsh lands. After the death of Philip he was for a time embarrassed financially, because both Philip and Sir Henry were deep in debt. However, his uncles, the Earls of Leicester and Warwick, both died within the next three years and both made him their heir. Most officials and soldiers in Elizabethan days contrived to make money in their appointments. Sir Henry Sidney had been an exception and Philip scattered money with an easy hand. I have the impression that Robert was more prudent and did not do badly for himself. He complained bitterly of the expense of campaigning in the Low Countries, but then it was common form to assert that one was being beggared in the Queen's service.

No wife could have received more attractive and loving letters from a husband on active service than Lady Sidney. She is addressed as "Sweet Wench," "Sweetheart," "Sweet Barbara." One letter ends: "Farewell, sweet Barbara, and kiss all our little ones from me and love still your assured loving husband." Only on the subject of extravagance, of which there had been so much in the family, did he use gentle reproof. "I never thought you careless or desirous of expenses . . . but truly your house is by much too great, and if you will ask me wherein, I will say you may spare some of the men and many of the women



"EVERY HISTORIAN WHO TOUCHES ON HIS TIME IS IN HIS DEBT" . . . ROBERT SIDNEY (1563-1626), IN 1618 CREATED EARL OF LEICESTER, SECOND SON OF SIR HENRY SIDNEY, K.G., AND BROTHER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY; BY VAN SOMER (1576-1621).

Robert Sidney, created Earl of Leicester in 1618, is represented in the Tunbridge Wells Exhibition arranged in connection with the quater-centenary of the birth of his more famous brother, Sir Philip Sidney, which Captain Falls discussed last week. Of Robert Sidney, whose correspondence is of high interest, he writes: ". . . he may not be counted primarily an Elizabethan, but to me he is. Henry, Philip, Mary, Robert—father and three children—they span the reign. It is hard, indeed, to match them."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C.

and the boys. For you have by your roll, eleven women in the house, and though I do not know what women's service be, yet I do assure myself that never a lady in England keeps in London so many. . . . Some of your women are kept only to wait upon the rest. . . . If you cannot remedy it, stay till I come home and I will take some order; for we must not keep sixty in our house in London."

The first comment that comes to the mind of those old enough to remember the days of big staffs in big town houses is that eleven women out of a total of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

ROBERT SIDNEY AND HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

sixty seems an absurdly small proportion in a London household. What a swarm of coachmen, footmen, grooms, and gardeners there must have been, and how much time they must have had to spare for cock-fighting and knavery! The second reflection is that even in our own youth those who waited were waited on. It must be noted, however, that the absence of a public post increased the male staffs which well-to-do and important people thought it necessary to keep. Messengers would be running about London and Westminster, and every now and then a horseman would be sent off with news to some red-faced great-aunt whom the London season—for already it existed in embryo—no longer attracted and who lived in the depths of the country. Horse and man might not be back for a fortnight.

The pleasure and value to be derived from these letters is not wholly a family affair. Robert Sidney was determined to be kept up to date in all that was going on in England when he was out of the country. Fortunately for historical knowledge, he was out of it a great deal in the last years of Queen Elizabeth. He was Governor of Flushing, one of the cautionary towns delivered to English keeping by the Dutch, and also had a squadron of horse which he led in the field. Some interesting correspondents wrote to him, especially from the Low Countries, when he was at home, but the best letters belong to periods when he was abroad. I have spoken of his own charming and tender letters to his wife. To my mind, however, the most valuable letters in the collection covering this period are those addressed to Robert Sidney in the Low Countries by his agent, Rowland Whyte.

He who wanted a job—and who did not, however many he had accumulated?—needed service of this sort. Young men of family starting in life would find with delight that it could be got from volunteers, gentlemen who did not ask pay. Unfortunately, these gentlemen also wanted jobs, lesser jobs, and many a patron found voluntary followers dearer in the long run than salaried servants. However, this was the system, and a really important man like Essex would have a throng of such gentlemen. Rowland Whyte was, I should say, worth whatever he cost. He not only watched things happen but on occasion made them happen. He was manager as well as reporter. Apart from Court politics, he made family arrangements for Lady Sidney, sent news about her lying-in, and visited the prospective god-parents to fix the day for the christening. The admirable man topped his virtues by that of his good quality as letter-writer.

If Whyte had his patron in Sidney, Sidney had his in Essex. He was a member of the young, ardent, and in many cases unwise group or party about the favourite. Among the particular friends of the Sidneys in this group were two unconventional couples. Lord Compton had wooed the only child of the fabulously rich Alderman, Sir John Spencer, and when her father refused his suit had carried her off, hidden in a baker's basket, and married her. The Alderman would not give her a penny, but later relented and at his death left her a huge fortune. The other two were known to all about the Court and many more besides to be lovers. Lord Mountjoy could not marry Penelope, the sister of Essex, because she was already married to Lord Rich, but he was completely devoted to her and she tightened the knots which bound him to Essex, to his grave danger later on. When a daughter was born to the Sidneys in the summer of 1594, the god-parents were Lord Mountjoy and the Ladies Essex and Compton. When another child was expected in November, 1595, Sidney wrote from Flushing that the two chief gossips must be this time, Mountjoy and Lady Rich—the sex of the third having, of course, to be determined by that of the infant.

On December 1, a great day in the Sidney annals, the first son of the marriage, the future Earl of Leicester, was born. Bustle for Whyte followed. Lady Rich was in the country and Mountjoy was unwell. Lady Sidney sent him word that the christening would be postponed for them and that on Lady Rich's return he should choose the day, treating them as if they had been husband and wife. But there was a second postponement. Lady Rich told Rowland Whyte that it was because the third god-parent—almost needless to say, Lord Compton—desired it, but he did not believe her. I have the feeling that he was beginning to enjoy himself thoroughly in these negotiations and liked calling on this charmer. "I do rather think it to be a tetter that suddenly broke out in her fair white face . . . that keeps your son from being christened," he wrote to Sidney. Of course he was right, and one can almost hear his chuckle. Was it likely that the most renowned beauty in the land was going

to face her lover at a ceremony with spots on her face? All came right in the end and there were fine presents for the child.

In the spring of 1597 a very good job was going, that of Warden of the Cinque Ports. Sidney wanted it. Essex was working night and day to get it for him. Penelope Rich was doing her part with the Queen. Rowland Whyte was the Mercury. On March 19 he brought her

a letter with Sidney's plea. She kissed it, put it in her bosom, and promised that the Queen should read it. She said Elizabeth had lately asked what people talked about and she had answered that she was glad to hear of the good choice of a Warden—meaning Sidney. Not good diplomacy, I fear, with the Queen, who said she had not disposed of the appointment. Later on Whyte went into cipher, so high was the matter. NN (Lady Rich) reported that 200

(Robert Cecil) was urging 1500 (the Queen) to appoint 30 (Cobham). Alas! Cobham, representing the opposition, got the Cinque Ports in succession to his father. About this time a worse tetter attacked the beauty, the dreaded small pox, which was said to have left her disfigured. Then came splendid news. "My Lady Rich is recovered of her small pox, without any blemish to her beautiful face." Whyte was happy.

In September, 1599, came the crisis of Essex's unauthorised return from Ireland. "Upon Michaelmas Eve, about 10 o'clock in the morning, my Lord of Essex lighted at Court Gate in post and made all haste up to the presence, and so to the Privy Chamber, and stayed not till he came to the Queen's bedchamber, where he found the Queen newly up, the hair about her face." Whyte brought out vividly the strain, the antagonism, the parties arrayed against each other. "It is a very dangerous time here . . . such observing and prying into men's actions that I hold them

happy and blessed that live away." Sidney was indeed blessed to be out of it. Had he been at home, thought Whyte, he might have been the successor of Essex in Ireland. If so, he was perhaps doubly lucky to be absent. I doubt whether he had the personality, patience, and cold, relentless determination of the chosen successor, Mountjoy. Sidney was at home when Essex went into revolt, but then he did the right thing. He was among those who took the surrender of Essex House.



ROBERT DEVEREUX, SECOND EARL OF ESSEX (1567-1601), FAVOURITE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH; BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

In writing of Robert Sidney, Captain Falls points out that he had a patron in Essex. "He was a member of the young, ardent, and in many cases unwise group or party about the favourite. . . . Sidney was at home when Essex went into revolt, but then he did the right thing. He was among those who took the surrender of Essex House."

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Under James I., Sidney went on to high distinction: Baron Sidney of Penshurst on the accession, Chamberlain to Queen Anne, Viscount Lisle, in 1605, competently conducted missions, finally, in 1618, Earl of Leicester. He was a lover of letters and a patron of poets. He continued to be a devoted and delightful husband. Every historian who touches on his time is in his debt. It is an old debt because, though the correspondence in the report of the Historical Manuscripts was recently published, the collection of Collins has long been available. As I have said, he may not be counted primarily an Elizabethan, but to me he is. Henry, Philip, Mary, Robert—father and three children—they span the reign. It is hard, indeed, to match them.

SAVING BRITAIN'S HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE: BUILDINGS TO RECEIVE GRANTS.



ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING TUDOR MANSIONS IN ESSEX: GOSFIELD HALL, BUILT C. 1540 BY SIR JOHN WENTWORTH, AND RECONSTRUCTED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—THE WEST WING, LOOKING EAST, PART OF THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE.



GOSFIELD HALL, ESSEX: A VIEW OF THE LONG GALLERY, 106 FEET IN LENGTH AND LINED WITH THE ORIGINAL LINENFOLD OAK PANELLING. THE HOUSE WAS VISITED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH I. IN 1561 AND 1579; AND SINCE 1947 HAS BEEN UNOCCUPIED.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF A LATE MEDIEVAL MILL, OCCUPYING A VERY BEAUTIFUL POSITION: THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, WEST HARNHAM, SALISBURY, SHOWING THE CHEQUER OF DRESSED STONE AND KNAPPED COURSED FLINT ON THE GROUND FLOOR.



BUILT IN 1475, OF ASHLAR AND FLINT WORK, WITH FINE QUALITY CORBEL HEAD BRACKETS OVER THE NICHES BY THE CENTRAL ARCHWAY: THE MAGNIFICENT THREE-STOREY GATEHOUSE OF ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY, COLCHESTER



BUILT BETWEEN 1680-90 IN AN H-PLAN: DENHAM PLACE, BUCKS, AN EXAMPLE OF THE ROBUST DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THE HOUSE CONTAINS NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF ELABORATE PLASTER CEILINGS AND FRIEZES.



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A RENAISSANCE MANOR HOUSE, WITH ELEVATION OF RED BRICK TYPICAL OF ITS PERIOD: SQUERRIES COURT, BUILT IN 1681, WHICH CONTAINS INTERESTING STAIRCASES AND FINE FURNITURE AND PAINTINGS.

The task of preserving a national heritage, the historic buildings in Britain, is being energetically tackled by the Ministry of Works. The Minister recently announced that, acting on recommendations by the Historic Buildings Council for England, for Scotland and for Wales, he had offered thirty-one grants, totalling nearly £100,000, in respect of various buildings, some of which we illustrate. Gosfield Hall, a fine Elizabethan mansion, has been unoccupied since 1947. Permission to demolish it was refused the owner, and the Essex County Council were obliged to purchase it in 1953. It is proposed to run the Hall as a nursing home for the aged. It was occupied from 1807-8 by the exiled King Louis XVIII.

Ministry of Works photographs.

of France and his family. St. Osyth's Priory, near Colchester, is a notable survival of monastic buildings, whose history can be traced back nearly 1300 years. The Gatehouse is exceptionally fine. Denham Place, built by Sir Roger Hill between 1680-90, contains notable examples of plaster ceilings, and friezes rare in this country, which are attributed to Dutch craftsmen brought from Holland by Sir Roger Hill. Squerries Court has associations with General Wolfe, who received his Army commission in the garden, an event commemorated by a monument. One of the conditions attached to these grants for necessary repairs to these buildings is that the public shall be given reasonable opportunities to visit them.

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IN 1833, near Mold, in the County of Flint, North Wales, a small mound of earth and stones was demolished to level the field in which it stood. Thus came about the discovery of one of the largest pieces of prehistoric gold-work yet found in Europe; for the mound was a tumulus of the Bronze Age and its removal disclosed the grave in which this splendid object lay with the bones of its former owner. Had the discovery been made by the twentieth-century archaeologist, the precise nature of the object probably would never have been in doubt; but coming to light as it did, under the hand of the nineteenth-century vandal, it was stripped so roughly from its context that its original function has never been clear. For the last thirty and more years of its century's lodging in the British Museum it has masqueraded as a peytrel, or ornamental chest-piece, for a small horse; but now, as a result of a new study by Mr. T. G. E. Powell, M.A., F.S.A., it can discard this unconvincing *alias*. Mr. Powell's review makes possible a more certain identification of the object, and he has shown that it dates from the latter half of the second millennium, B.C., and belongs to the Middle Bronze Age; whereas formerly it was referred to the Late Bronze Age. The present writer co-operated with him by making a special study of the possible forms for its reconstruction, and the technical and æsthetic factors involved. This article summarises some of the main points of the research, a full report of which will shortly be published in the *Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society*.

It is necessary first to review the circumstances of the discovery as detailed in the contemporary accounts, none of which, unhappily, was written by an actual witness to the event. The field in which the mound was situated was called Bryn yr Ellyllon, about half a mile east-south-east of Mold parish church, and it was the then Vicar of Mold who wrote the most reliable account of the archaeological details. The burial lay, it seems, on the original ground level, being found four feet below the top of the mound, and was contained by a rough cist made of boulders. It was evidently the collapse of the cist roof which caused the damage to the gold object which can be seen in the accompanying photographs (Figs. 1 and 2). The object itself enclosed fragments of a human skeleton. The skull was found, but the long bones of the arms and legs were not noticed; probably they were broken up by the roof-fall. A large number of amber beads—two to three hundred according to one estimate—lay in rows, apparently on top of the gold sheet. Remains of coarse cloth, or possibly of leather, were also found. It is noteworthy that several pieces of strip-bronze were found which had been rivetted to the gold sheet. A cremation burial in an urn, embedded in the mound, has disappeared (as have all but one of the amber beads). Some of the broken pieces of the main object and a gold "strap," which may have been an armlet or choker, were made into trinkets at the time of the discovery.

The fact that the gold sheet was found round human bones indicates clearly enough that it was an article of apparel for a man or woman, not for a horse. The horse hypothesis was the result of some measurements being taken and misapplied some thirty years ago, when it was wrongly supposed that the object was too large to have been worn by a human.

It survives in fragments which are completely flattened; one is nearly a half of the object (Fig. 1), and two others are of medium size (Fig. 2). The remaining twelve are relatively small. The average thickness of the gold is 0.6 mm., and the surviving pieces weigh 18 ozs., 1 dwt. Troy.

THE TRUE PURPOSE OF THE MOLD GOLDEN "PEYTREL":

EUROPE'S LARGEST PIECE OF PREHISTORIC GOLD-WORK RE-IDENTIFIED, DESCRIBED AND RECONSTRUCTED ON PAPER.

By BRIAN HOPE-TAYLOR, F.S.A.

The precise original form and function of the garment, if such it may be called, could be ascertained only by analysis of its ornament and study of the manner in which its curvature caused it to break under the impact of the roof-fall; for the circumstances of its discovery robbed us of more direct means. The object is patently a masterpiece of the goldsmith's craft, and the surviving fragments display an æsthetic sensibility of a high order; so that there were certain technical and æsthetic premises on which analysis

was possible. It seems very probable that the whole thing was beaten out in one piece, from a single gold nugget. In those lower portions which joined together, the flow of the ornament from back to front was continuous, and there were the strongest reasons for supposing that it was similarly resolved in its other parts.

Close study revealed significant features which will be briefly described and then considered in relation to the possible forms of reconstruction. First, it was

clear that the form of the sides posed the most critical problem in the ornamentation; for at each side a triangular motif (Fig. 2) was introduced, below the main upward sweep of the concentric zones, to resolve the design. In addition, the surviving parts of the zones, as they rise one above another over the triangles, increase in width towards the sides, and those uppermost show a tendency (seen in the flat) (Fig. 1) to diverge from the uniform curve of those below—again, an evident contrivance to solve a definite problem.

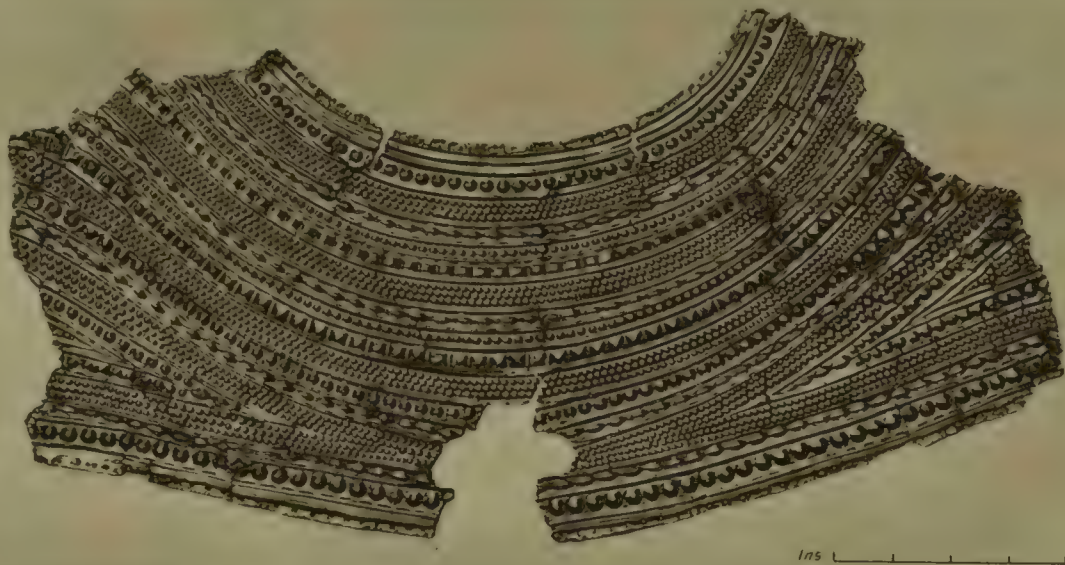


FIG. 1. NOW IDENTIFIED AS THE FRONT PORTION OF A CEREMONIAL GOLD TIPPET TO BE WORN BY A HUMAN BEING: THE LARGEST FRAGMENT OF THE GOLD OBJECT FOUND AT MOLD, FLINT, IN 1833 AND PREVIOUSLY IDENTIFIED AS A PEYTREL, OR ORNAMENTAL CHEST-PIECE, FOR A SMALL HORSE.

could be based. "Fitness for purpose" must have weighed heavily with the master-craftsman who made it, and the ornament would certainly have been conceived in terms of the object's plastic shape, so that there would have been a smooth, balanced flow over the whole surface. In other words, the form dictated the design of the ornament, and one might reasonably expect the ornament to have characteristics which would betray the form from which it was artistically indivisible.

The sheet gold is ornamented with zones of bosses and ribs carried out in repoussé (beaten out from the back with punches), the main lines of the design being sweeping concentric arcs which conform to the ribbed upper edge. In each zone a single type of boss is used, enclosed by plain ribs above and below. There are five distinct types of boss, some simple, some complex.

It was found that the main fragments fitted together in such a manner as to confirm that the lower part of the object was a continuous, slightly flattened cylinder which enclosed the wearer's body, but the upper parts are so damaged that no direct physical reconstruction

Secondly, the cracking and fragmentation of the object gave useful indications of its original form. V-shaped radial cracks (Fig. 1), open at the upper edge, showed by their shape and extent that the top of the front panel was inclined slightly inward toward the wearer's body; so that it was unable to flatten without tearing when the roof of the cist fell in. Lastly, it was clear that the form of the upper sides made them peculiarly liable to damage. All these factors had to be borne in mind when considering the two forms in which the object might be tentatively reconstructed; namely, as a corslet or as a tippet.

As a corslet, the gold would have been fashioned into a simple cylinder, open at both ends, which would enclose the trunk and pass under the armpits. Its upper edge would be required to be level, or even to dip under the arms; in which case the inserted triangles at the sides would not be serving to solve an inherent problem, but would be introducing a quite unnecessary complication which would bring the design to æsthetic ruin. If the object had been such a cylinder, the logical extension of the zones looping over the triangles would have produced two peaks of metal which would have dug into the armpits and forced the whole garment down until it covered not the chest but the diaphragm. This interpretation does not account for the divergence of the zones, nor for the physical condition of the object. Moreover, measurement indicates that, worn in this manner, it would have stood away from the body like a quarter-open umbrella, not allowing the arms to rest naturally by the sides; and that it would have been virtually impossible to put it on or off.

As a tippet, or cape, however, it becomes completely satisfying and intelligible, æsthetically and practically speaking. The garment was put on over the head and fitted comfortably over and round the shoulders, enclosing the upper arms, the ribbed upper edge being, of course, the neck (Fig. 3). The triangles are revealed as the means of filling the spaces left at the sides of the arms by the upsweep of the concentric zones over the shoulders. The widening, and the seeming divergence in the flat, of the upper zones were necessary to preserve the unity of the design over the strongly three-dimensional moulding of the shoulders. This is confirmed by the cracking and fragmentation: the shoulders could not merely flatten under the roof-fall—their pronounced moulding made localised shattering inevitable. The cracking round the neck agrees perfectly with the degree of inclination required

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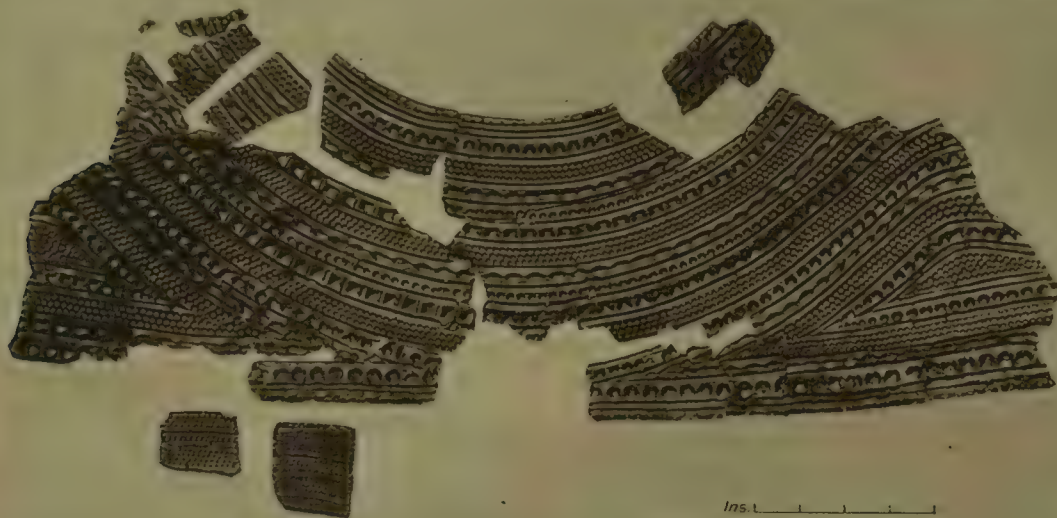


FIG. 2. SMALLER FRAGMENTS OF THE MOLD "PEYTREL," NOW IDENTIFIED AS PARTS OF THE BACK OF THE GOLD TIPPET. THE TRIANGULAR INSERTIONS REFERRED TO BY MR. HOPE-TAYLOR ARE HERE CLEARLY SEEN, RIGHT AND LEFT. IN THIS AND FIG. 1, THE SMALL, UPPER SEMI-CIRCLE IS THE EDGE OF THE NECK-HOLE. THE ISOLATED PIECES, BOTTOM LEFT, MAY HAVE BEEN PARTS OF AN ARMLET OR CHOKER.



HOPE-TAYLOR 1954

FIG. 3. REVEALED AND HERE SHOWN IN THE FULL SPLENDOUR OF ITS CEREMONIAL USE : THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S MOLD "PEYTREL" OF REPOUSSÉ GOLD, RE-IDENTIFIED AND RECONSTRUCTED.

Continued from opposite page.]

for the transition from the chest to the upper surfaces of the shoulders. In short, the tippet identification fulfils all the technical and artistic conditions. Almost certainly it was attached to a stout leather "foundation-garment," the two shells being fixed to a stable framework of strip bronze (pieces of which still survive). Near the edges of the gold sheet there are two series of perforations, via which the various elements were riveted together, one representing a re-mounting

of the gold shell at some period. The amber beads were probably strung round the neck, as in the reconstruction drawing, but they may have been sewn on to a cloth undergarment to give much the same effect. The tippet would have been slightly higher at the back than at the front, like a modern waistcoat. One has grounds for suspecting that so magnificent a garment was intended for ceremonial use.

DRAWN BY BRIAN HOPE-TAYLOR, F.S.A.

PARALLELS IN DUTCH AND ENGLISH ART: A NOTABLE NORWICH EXHIBITION.



"THE MAAS AT DORDRECHT IN A STORM"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691), THE DUTCH PAINTER WHOSE WORKS INFLUENCED EIGHTEENTH- AND NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH ART. (19½ by 29 ins.) (*The Misses Alexander.*)



"A FRESH BREEZE"; BY JOSEPH STANNARD (1797-1830), A NORWICH-BORN PAINTER WHO VISITED HOLLAND IN 1821 AND WAS INFLUENCED BY DUTCH ART. (20½ by 30½ ins.) (*Norwich Museum.*)



"FOREST SCENE"; BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1628/9-1682), NETHERLANDS LANDSCAPE ARTIST WHO INFLUENCED ENGLISH PAINTERS AND WAS OFTEN COPIED. (16½ by 19½ ins.) (*Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.*)



"THE BEATERS"; BY J. CROME (1768-1821), FOUNDER OF THE NORWICH SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, 1803. A WOODLAND LANDSCAPE PAINTED IN THE DUTCH MANNER. (21½ by 33½ ins.) (*Lord Mackintosh of Halifax.*)



"WOODLAND SCENE NEAR THE HAGUE"; BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE (1636-1672), SON OF WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE ELDER, AND PUPIL OF WIJNANTS. (Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart.)



"A VIEW OF DEDHAM"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788), WHO WAS BORN AT SUDBURY, SUFFOLK—SHOWING GREAT SIMILARITY WITH THE DUTCH SCHOOL. (24½ by 30½ ins.) (*Tate Gallery, London.*)

"East Anglia and the Netherlands" is the title of an interesting and unusual exhibition which opened at the Norwich Castle Museum on June 25, and will continue until September 19. In an introduction to the catalogue Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer points out that from early times the strongest bonds of sympathy have existed between the people of East Anglia and their neighbours of the Low Countries, and that all through recorded history there has been a steady coming and going across the North Sea and a constant exchange of ideas and techniques. In art and architecture, the draining of marshland and the defence of their soil against the ever-encroaching sea, the traditions of the two communities are intimately linked. This summer the Anglo-Netherlands Commission is holding its annual conference in Norwich and the current exhibition has been designed to illustrate the Dutch influences on East Anglia. The sections include photographs, showing the similarities between the scenery of the two areas: a display of silver, furniture

and ceramics, pointing to the connection between the applied arts; and a noble series of paintings, assembled through the generosity of private owners, headed by her Majesty the Queen and public museums in this country and Holland, which underlines the relationship between the fine Arts. Gainsborough and J. Crome are known to have copied Dutch pictures; nineteenth-century painters produced works in the style of, or after, Cuyp, Potter, van Goyen, and other notable Dutch painters, and J. B. Crome visited Holland and was influenced by Van der Neer. Yet the English school never lost its individuality. "J. S. Cotman," writes Mr. Ketton-Cremer, "for instance, makes a definite break-away from the style and treatment of the Dutch masters, and Constable introduces numerous innovations into his rendering of landscape, though both artists chose subjects similar to the Dutch. By hanging examples of the two Schools side by side, it is hoped that their individuality as well as their similarities will be stressed."



A GREAT SOLDIER AND CIVIL ADMINISTRATOR: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA SINCE 1953.

Field Marshal Sir William Slim, who will always be remembered for his splendid achievements in command of the Fourteenth Army in Burma and his defeat of the Japanese there, has been Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia since 1953, and had the honour of acting as host to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they visited the Federal capital, Canberra. When Sir William's appointment was announced the *Melbourne Sun News Pictorial* prophesied most accurately that his

breezy, forceful personality would win from Australians the liking and respect ungrudgingly accorded him from soldiers under his command—and this has indeed proved to be the case. The Field Marshal, who was born in 1891, and served in World War I., has had a most distinguished career and is as gifted as a civil administrator as he is as a military leader. He was Chief of the Imperial General Staff from 1948-52, and before that was Commandant of the Imperial Defence College.

Actual colour photograph by Katherine Young.



NESTING AMONG GROWING CROPS: THE OYSTER-CATCHER (*HAEMATOPUS OSTRALEGUS*). ALTHOUGH THIS BIRD USUALLY NESTS AMONG THE SHINGLE ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK, IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND IT OCCASIONALLY CHOOSES A SITE SIMILAR TO THAT ILLUSTRATED.



THE DOTTEREL (*EUDROMIAS MORINELLUS*). THIS BIRD, KNOWN ALSO AS THE LITTLE DOTARD OR *MORINELLUS*, "LITTLE FOOL," WAS GIVEN THESE NAMES FROM ITS TRADITIONAL SILLINESS. IT IS A SUMMER VISITOR AND BREEDS ON THE MOUNTAINS IN SCOTLAND AND THE LAKE DISTRICT.



THE SLAVONIAN GREBE (*PODICEPS AURITUS*). THIS HANDSOME BIRD BREEDS IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND AND IS A WINTER VISITOR TO OTHER PARTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES. IT IS SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE HORNED GREBE, AND, LIKE THE OTHER VARIETIES OF THE GREBE FAMILY, IS A SKILFUL DIVER.



THE GOLDEN PLOVER (*PLUVIALIS APRICARIA*). THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE PLUMAGE AND HABITS OF THIS BIRD IN WINTER AND SUMMER ARE OUTSTANDING. THEY BUILD NO NEST, BUT ARE SATISFIED WITH A NATURAL DEPRESSION IN THE ROCK.



THE REDSTART (*PHOENICURUS PHOENICURUS*). THE HEN BIRD. THIS BIRD, A SUMMER VISITOR, BREEDS IN ENGLAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND, AND IS ALSO A PASSAGE MIGRANT. THE NEST IS USUALLY BUILT IN A HOLE OR HOLLOW TREE.



THE REDSTART (*PHOENICURUS PHOENICURUS*). THE COCK BIRD. ALTHOUGH THE RED-START IS SMALL, IT IS EASY TO RECOGNISE, AS THE RED TAIL AND WHITE FOREHEAD ARE DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER BRITISH BIRD.



THE BLACK-THROATED DIVER (*COLYMBUS ARCTICUS*). THIS SPECIES OF DIVER IS NOT COMMON IN THE BRITISH ISLES. IT BREEDS IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES AND IN SCOTLAND, MIGRATING SOUTH IN THE WINTER. IT NESTS NEAR THE EDGE OF FRESH-WATER LOCHS.



THE GREY HEN (*LYRURUS TETRIX*). THE FEMALE OF THE BLACK GROUSE. SHE MAKES A ROUGH NEST OF DRY GRASS AND TWIGS IN THE SHELTER OF A SMALL BUSH, AND LAYS FROM FIVE TO TEN EGGS. THE BLACK COCK TAKES NO PART IN REARING THE BROOD.



THE CAPERCAILLIE (*TETRAO UROGALLUS*). THIS BIRD IS ALSO CALLED THE WOOD GROUSE OR COCK OF THE WOODS. IT BECAME EXTINCT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, BUT WAS REINTRODUCED IN SCOTLAND IN 1837 AND IS NOW FAIRLY COMMON AMONG CONIFER FORESTS, SPECIALLY IN PERTSHIRE.



THE GREENSHANK (*TRINGA NEBULARIA*). THE UNUSUAL COLOUR OF THIS BIRD AND ITS LONG LEGS EXPLAIN ITS NAME, AND HELP RECOGNITION. IT IS TO BE FOUND ON LOW, MUDDY OR SANDY SHORES AND POOLS, AND THE SWAMPY BANKS OF LAKES.

ON THEIR NESTS, VARIOUSLY SITUATED ON LAND AND WATER, AND AT A NEST-HOLE; TYPICAL BIRDS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOUR IN THEIR NATIVE SURROUNDINGS.

These fine colour photographs by Mr. Walter E. Higham, whose coloured and monochrome pictures of the Golden Eagle were published in our issues of July 28, 1951, and June 21, 1952, are the result of numerous journeys to Scotland and illustrate typical Highland birds in their native surroundings. The Oystercatcher, which is found on rocky promontories or banks of mud, sand and ooze stretching out from low portions of the shore, feeds on

mussels and other shell-fish, limpets, worms, etc., and usually nests in the shingle above high-water mark, but in the North of Scotland sometimes chooses a site among growing crops, as our picture shows. Writing of the Dotterel in 1876, Willoughby said: "It is a silly bird, but as an article of food a great delicacy." Its folly consists in being so tame and unafraid of man. The Slavonian Grebe breeds in Northern Scotland, and the cock

bird assists the hen in the work of sitting on the eggs. The Golden Plover's breeding plumage is brilliant and handsome. If one is sitting and danger threatens, a "look-out" bird gives the warning cry, a plaintive note often referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his poems. The Redstart nests in holes in rocks or hollow trees, but on occasion chooses unconventional sites—such as an upturned flower-pot or a wooden box. These birds are also

skilled "ventriloquists," who can make their note sound as if it were coming from a distance, when they are actually close at hand. The Capercaillie, reintroduced into Scotland in 1837 after it had become extinct, is celebrated for its method of serenading the hens in the early morning and late evening in springtime. Mr. Higham, when engaged on bird photography, uses a portable "hide" for concealment.

Natural Colour Photographs by Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.



CARRYING A MUSKET, REST, POWDER-FLASK AND SWORD : A MUSKETEER OF THE COMPANY OF PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS.



CAPTAIN OF THE COMPANY OF PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS FROM 1941-53 : CAPTAIN W. POTTER-MACKENROT, WHO JOINED THE COMPANY IN 1926.



WITH THE DRUM ON WHICH HE BEATS THE ORDERS FOR THE PIKES : A FILE LEADER DRUM BEATER IN THE UNIFORM OF 1640.



CARRYING A SWORD FOR CLOSE FIGHTING AND WEARING ARMOUR AND A MORION WITH RED PLUME : A PIKEMAN HOLDING HIS 12-FT.-LONG PIKE.

MEMBERS OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S COLOURFUL BODYGUARD ON OFFICIAL OCCASIONS: THE H.A.C. COMPANY OF PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS.

The Company of Pikemen and Musketeers of The Honourable Artillery Company was formed in 1925 and is recruited from the Veteran Company of the Regiment, which is the oldest in England and probably in the world. The Company of Pikemen and Musketeers are dressed in the regimental uniform of 1640, and clearly resemble the supporting figures which appear in the Regimental Coat of Arms; they were formed to carry on and preserve

the old traditions. The drill they carry out is taken from a drill book dated 1635, written by a then member of the old Artillery Company. The principal duty of the Company of Pikemen and Musketeers is to act as close escort to the Lord Mayor on official occasions; their numbers are restricted to fifty, consisting of five officers; drum beaters; pikemen; musketeers and pioneers. The members render their services voluntarily.

From natural colour photographs by A. C. K. Ware, Ltd.

SOME BIRDS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

By WALTER E. HIGHAM, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.

SOME readers may remember my coloured and monochrome pictures of the Golden Eagle that appeared in the July 28, 1951, and June 21, 1952, issues of *The Illustrated London News*. These were made whilst I was visiting the Highlands to make a colour film and permanent record of the wild birds of the area.

When motoring north I usually travel via Edinburgh, the Queen's Ferry, Perth, and on to Inverness, crossing the Grampians. This range not only contains a number of hills well over the 3000-ft. level, but also provides a nesting-ground for the Dotterel. It is essentially a bird of the high ground in the breeding-season. In fact, it rarely nests below the 3000-ft. level. The Dotterel is normally ridiculously tame, and instances have been recorded where the bird has been touched whilst on the nest. This is not always the case. Apart from the confiding nature, the other interesting thing is the fact that, once the hen has laid her eggs, she leaves the incubation to the cock. To obtain my pictures, it was necessary to use a hill pony, as I was travelling far from light. There were two still cameras, a ciné camera, two tripods and a portable "hide" for concealment. Although it was pretty certain that I could obtain my pictures without the latter, I was determined to use it, as I find that wild birds, whether confiding or not, behave so much more naturally if the photographer is not on view.

The day I visited the Dotterel was ideal. Very little wind, and a hazy sun. Not by any means a usual state of affairs, even in summer, as I learned to my cost a few years ago. I received a wire from an ornithologist friend living at the foot of the Cairngorms, telling me he had found a Snow Bunting's nest, with fresh eggs. Would I like to photograph it? I arrived a few days later at Aviemore, to find the cloud on the hills was down to 2500 ft. This was quite hopeless for the project, as the Snow Bunting chooses a nesting-place not lower than 3500 ft. From my window, I had a magnificent view of the hills, and there I remained, never getting a chance to picture the nest, as the cloud never lifted for over three weeks.

This, however, did not prevent me from doing field work on the lower ground. It was due to the setback at the Snow Bunting nest that I was able to spend the time at a Scottish loch, photographing the Slavonian Grebe. This magnificent bird, like the Dotterel, is far from common in the British Isles. Its breeding activities are chiefly confined to two Scottish counties, the greater number being confined to only one. It is considered to be the least shy of the European Grebes, and the pair I had under observation were very confiding. I could stand on the bank at the edge of the loch and watch the birds at the nest

difficulty in obtaining my pictures. A well-camouflaged "hide," erected some 10 ft. away from the nest, gave the birds little concern. I say "birds," as I photographed several nests. Only the hen incubates the eggs.

Not far away from one of these nests, in an opening amongst the pine-trees, I came across a nest of the

subject, a Golden Plover, was in a typical nest situation. Both the cock and hen take their turns at the nest. Whilst one is sitting the other is not too far distant and should danger occur the sentinel soon gives the warning cry, and will do its best to distract the enemy's attention from the nest.

No film of Highland birds would be complete if it overlooked the Greenshank. When I arrived in Greenshank breeding territory, not only was there a period of incessant rain, but this was backed up with days with gale warnings for the area. The Greenshank nest is not one of the easiest to find in normal conditions, but the persistent wind kept bird movement down to a minimum, and the chance of stumbling across a nest was remote. Together with a companion we watched several feeding birds at the edge of small lochs, hoping that they would lead us to a nest, when they flew away, possibly to take their turn at incubation. Several days were wasted and still no luck, so we decided to move further north, where the birds were also numerous. The rain still persisted and near the coast, the gales grew in intensity. However, our luck changed as, just as we were about to call off our search till conditions improved, by the greatest of fortune we walked right on to a nest, and flushed the bird when we were little more than 10 yards away. Once the hiding-place was erected and the Greenshank accustomed to it, the bird was completely fearless, but all the time we had to put up with the wind, which made photography difficult.

There was another good reason why we had chosen this vicinity. It was a good area for the nesting Black-throated Diver. Although I had already filmed the bird in most extraordinary circumstances, I had yet to get some normal close-ups of it at the nest. My first encounter with the bird was about three years previously. I was motoring along the side of a loch, and through my glasses I saw a Black-throat on the nest on a small island. I borrowed a boat and went out to investigate and found that there were two newly-hatched chicks. It was obvious that once I had departed the parents would call them from the nest. I quickly erected a "hide," and, sure enough, within the hour, the two youngsters were on the water, swimming away, accompanied by their parents. When about 100 yards distant, to my surprise, a third adult appeared and promptly seized one of the chicks in its beak and shook it. At first I thought that it intended to place the youngster under its wing, similar to the behaviour of a Great Crested Grebe, but I was wrong, as it was attempting to kill it. In fact, before the two parents or myself realised the situation, one chick lay on the surface dying. Then, for the first time the birds went into the attack and drove away the intruder. Although I got a record of this event, I was not satisfied with what I had got and, therefore, I was on the look-out for another nest. This time with eggs, so that I could get some scenes of the birds at close quarters and show how ungainly they are on land. They always choose a nest situation close to the water's edge, due to their inability to walk well. We found one nest during the bad weather. As usual, it



BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY IN BAD WEATHER: A "HIDE" WHICH HAD TO HAVE A WALL BUILT ROUND IT TO HOLD IT ERECT AND STOP THE FLAP OF THE CANVAS FRIGHTENING THE BIRDS IN THE HIGH WIND.

Mr. Walter E. Higham, the distinguished bird photographer, whose colour photographs of wild birds of the Scottish Highlands are reproduced in the Colour Supplement of this issue, describes in the article on this page (which is illustrated by monochrome photographs by him) the difficulties and the fascination of photographing wild birds on their nests. When getting pictures of a Black-throated Diver's nest, on one occasion, the wind was so violent that he had to build a wall of stones round the cloth "hide" to keep it erect and stop the flap of the canvas from frightening the birds.

Black Grouse. I include a picture of the female, the Greyhen, at the nest. [Colour Supplement, pages II. and III.] The birds are confined to Great Britain, and unfortunately the records show that in most districts they have been on the decrease for a number of years.

Whilst I was photographing the Golden Eagles, I left the eyries for a week or more at a time, to allow the chicks to grow. Between times, I motored to the Rothiemurchus Forest. One subject I pictured in the district was the Redstart. Whilst this lovely bird can hardly claim to be a typical bird of the Highlands, I found a number of pairs frequenting the locality where I stopped. Redstarts constantly flick their tails, which makes them not an easy subject. The birds are portrayed close to their nest-hole, in this instance at the base of a tree. The day after the pictures were taken the chicks left the nest.

Yet another bird I photographed in this district was an Oyster-Catcher,

that was nesting amongst some growing crops. I find that in Northern Scotland the Oyster-Catcher is not so particular as to where it nests. The usual nest situation, amongst the shingle, at the edge of rivers, or amongst the sand-dunes, is supplemented by nests found in rough grass, amongst short heather, and occasionally in a situation as depicted. [Colour Supplement.] I, personally, think it is about time that due consideration was given whether the name is any longer suitable, to a bird that is not connected with catching or consuming oysters. The remaining bird that I photographed in the Rothiemurchus Forest district actually was within a quarter of a mile of an Oyster-Catcher's nest. However, this



SHOWING THE SITUATION IN WHICH THE CAPERCAILLIE BUILDS HER NEST: A CAMOUFLAGED "HIDE" FROM WHICH MR. HIGHAM TOOK PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Higham when on bird photography expeditions uses a "hide" because, he writes, "I find that wild birds, whether confiding or not, behave so much more naturally if the photographer is not on view."

some 15 ft. away, situated amongst thinnish short reeds. The floating nest was in water about 3 ft. deep. Both birds took their turns at incubation. Once again, I took my photographs from a hiding-place. This was built in the water amongst the reeds, about 10 ft. away from the nest.

The Capercaillie is a bird of the pine forests. During the winter months it feeds almost entirely on the young shoots of conifers. The birds are large, the cock being of an overall length of nearly 3 ft., whilst the female is about a foot less. It is interesting that the bird is established over a large area of Scotland, as in 1760 it became extinct. However, in 1837 it was reintroduced from Sweden into Perthshire. I had no



SHOWING HOW IT LIES AT THE EDGE OF A NEWLY FELLED FIR TREE: A CAPERCAILLIE'S NEST AND EGGS.

Of the Capercaillie, Mr. Higham writes, "I had no difficulty in obtaining my pictures. A well-camouflaged 'hide,' erected some 10 ft. away from the nest, gave the birds little concern. I say 'birds,' as I photographed several nests. Only the hen incubates the eggs."

was at the water's edge. We started to erect a hide, and on returning, the following morning, found the nest itself under 12 ins. of water and the eggs washed out into deeper water still. This is unusual, as the birds normally choose a loch that drains quickly and thereby prevents mishaps such as this. When a suitable nest was eventually found, the wind was such that it was necessary to build a wall of stones around the cloth "hide" to keep it erect and stop the flap of the canvas from frightening the birds. Once this was done the Divers took to our place of concealment and what pleased me also was a temporary lull in the weather conditions which allowed me to get some pictures.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT WINDSOR: THE QUEEN INSPECTING SOME OF THE MANY EXHIBITS.



WAITING: FIRST A FARM TRACTOR DURING HER TOUR OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL SHOW, WINDSOR: THE QUEEN WITH SIR THOMAS DUGDALE, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE (RIGHT).



JUNIPER, THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD DARTMOOR PONY PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL BY THE DARTMOOR PONY SOCIETY, SHOWING HOW WELL TRAINED IT IS.



A CHAMPION: MR. CLIFFORD NICHOLSON'S KENT OR ROMNEY MARSH SHEARLING RAM, FROM HIS FLOCK IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

On the second day of the Royal Show, which was held in Windsor Great Park from July 6-9, the Queen, in a delightfully informal ceremony, accepted on behalf of the Duke of Cornwall, a four-year-old Dartmoor pony named *Juniper*, the gift of the Dartmoor Pony Society. During her visit to the show the Queen, accompanied by Sir Thomas Dugdale, Minister of Agriculture, inspected many of the exhibits, and watched, with the Duke of Edinburgh, a parade of champion cattle in the Grand Ring. A parade of about sixty horse-drawn carriages, coaches, omnibuses



INSPECTING A DEMONSTRATION OF VARIOUS KINDS OF BARLEY: THE QUEEN AT ONE OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES STANDS.



THE QUEEN PATTING THE DARTMOOR PONY, JUNIPER, THE PONY, A BROWN GELDING, STANDS JUST OVER ELEVEN HANDS.



RECEIVING THE PERPETUAL SILVER-GILT CHALLENGE CUP AT THE HANDS OF THE QUEEN: MR. R. LESTER, RIDER OF MR. W. H. COOPER'S MIGHTY ATOM, THE CHAMPION HUNTER.

and other vehicles of historic interest, including eleven lent by the Queen, was one of the principal displays of the day, as also was a representation of a meet of the Royal Buckhounds in 1810, arranged by the Duchess of Beaufort. The Hunter Championship was once again won by Mr. W. H. Cooper's *Mighty Atom*, and the Challenge Cup was presented to its rider by the Queen herself. Among the many excellent sheep on show was a Champion Kent or Romney Marsh shearling ram from Mr. Clifford Nicholson's flock in Lincolnshire.



THE ROYAL SHOW AT WINDSOR: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CROWDED SITE IN THE GREAT PARK, SHOWING CATTLE JUDGING IN THE GRAND RING; AND THE MANY EXHIBITION STANDS. THE SHOW ATTRACTED A RECORD NUMBER OF LIVESTOCK ENTRIES.

The Royal Show, the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, opened for four days on July 6 in Windsor Great Park and, in spite of showery weather, attracted both record crowds from Britain and overseas, and a record number of livestock entries. The entries were 4844 as compared with the previous highest total of 4828, at Cambridge in 1951. The show, which cost about £150,000 to stage, was spread over an area of 151 acres in the magnificent setting of the Great Park. The site was on the Cavalry Exercise Ground, divided by Prince Consort's Drive. On the opening day the Princess Royal and the Duke of Gloucester were

present and spent much time watching the judging of the cattle classes. The Princess Royal herself won a first prize with a Red Poll bull, and the Queen's entry in the same class came fourth. On the second day the Queen, who was later in the day accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, paid the first of her two visits and spent six hours touring exhibits and watching events. She presented the Gold Medal of the Royal Agricultural Society to Sir John Russell, F.R.S., for distinguished services to agriculture. She also presented the Society's long-service medals to thirty farm workers who have been employed in the industry for forty years or more.

Photograph by Aerofilm, Ltd.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



OTHER things being otherwise, which unfortunately they were not, I would have slipped off this year to the high Alps during the last week of June, for a change of

plants. That, for many years past, had become almost a habit with me. Having spent the greater part of my time during the past twelve months cultivating alpine plants at home, no other sort of holiday attracted me so much as the busman's variety. Not only did this provide a change of plants—alpines growing in wild profusion, instead of half-tamed in captivity, but one saw countless species of pleasant alpines which, for one reason or another, never seem to find their way into our gardens. Not showy enough, perhaps, or not-quite-worth-while annuals or biennials. Then, too, there were plants to collect and bring home, and there was the interest of looking out for and collecting specially good forms and varieties, a few of which—a very few—might eventually take a permanent place in horticulture.

Almost as important as the change of plants was the change of scene, and of food, of drinks, and sounds, and smells (pleasant and unpleasant). Even the change of unpleasant smells became welcome in the Alps. And what fun the change of dogs; those charming, witty, uninhibited French dogs.

But this year, to my somewhat restless regret I decided against the Alps. Instead of crossing the Channel, we—my wife and I—crossed the Solent, waddled across in one of those funny old ferry-boats, and spent a very good fortnight in the Isle of Wight. By way of holiday change I did practically no gardening, and rather more writing, of one sort and another, than usual. But the change of plants, both wild and cultivated, was very marked. The climate of the island seems to specialise in playing cat-and-mouse with eucalyptus and mimosa. Folk plant these last trees, with hope getting the upper hand of better judgment. They flourish for a while, and then the inevitable cold winter turns up, and kills fine, great specimens of both eucalyptus and mimosa, dozens of them, hundreds. But undeterred, the islanders plant again. Probably if I lived there I would do the same, at any rate with mimosa. I'm not so sure about eucalyptus.

I only visited two gardens during my stay, a large one, and a relatively small one. In the smaller garden I saw young plants of that delicious little Argentine marrow which I christened the "Avocadella," and about which I wrote recently on this page. It produces small, dark-green marrows with orange flesh, about the size of grapefruits. Their flesh is fine-grained and smooth, with an almost cream-cheesy texture. Cut in half, with their seeds removed, lightly boiled, and served cold with an oil and vinegar dressing, they are eaten with a spoon, like avocado pears. Delicious. But the avocadellas that I saw in the island had been raised from seed sent recently from the Argentine and had the running-stent habit of ordinary marrows, whereas those which I have always grown have the non-running habit of the so-called bush marrows. Of the two, the bush variety must surely be the more convenient to grow.

Of one delightful plant-picture I made a mental note for future use. Canterbury Bells, both pink and white, growing as wall plants. A small colony of them was flowering splendidly on the top of a brick wall of a town garden. For many years I have known a colony of Canterbury Bells growing on the steep sides of a chalk cutting on the London-Dover line. It was one of the things I always looked out for on my way to the Alps. But never before had I seen them growing as wall plants. But there they were, six or seven feet up above the pavement, in the middle of a town, well rooted, apparently, in the crumbling

A CHANGE OF PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

mortar between the bricks. I promptly bought a pictorial packet of Canterbury Bell seed and sowed it in likely-looking crevices on a crumbling farm wall in my daughter's garden. And I shall experiment with more seed on my own garden walls.

A most characteristic wild flower of the Isle of Wight is the *Iris foetidissima*, the foetid Iris, Gladdon, or Roast-beef-plant, with its flowers in sad livid hues, followed by heads of fat seed pods which split open and exhibit a great array of brilliant orange pea-like seeds. It grows all over the place on the island, in woods, copses, and shrubberies, but it is not a plant I am fond of. It always gives me the impression that it is skulking, in a rather shame-faced way. But its orange seeds are decidedly handsome, and are greatly

valued by people who like to have winter arrangements of dried, mummified flowers, foliage, and seed vessels.

lady's fingers—gold, and orange-red, the creeping thyme in widely varying tones of pink and heather purple, the white or pink squinancy-wort, *Asperula cynanchica*, numerous small golden compositae, daisies and dwarfed buttercups, and several species of ground orchis, including a fair number of the Bee Orchis, with flowers at once exquisite and fantastic. I made long and extensive search among the thyme, hoping to come upon a colour form of outstanding merit, but the only really distinctive variation I found was the white-flowered form, which I already had in my garden.

Last autumn when I was in the island, I found a fine colony of samphire growing, not in the traditional manner on the face of some frightful cliff, but on a gently sloping scree of chalk in a road cutting. I then collected seed, which has since germinated, and is now being grown on for garden cultivation. How it will take to garden loam I do not know, but if such rich easy fare should upset its metabolism I shall just have to collect a heap of broken limestone, in which my garden is peculiarly rich, dirty it with a little soil, and plant my samphire seedlings on that. This strange herb, whose aromatic fleshy foliage suggests a narrow-leaved edition of mistletoe, has been greatly esteemed for making pickle. And so, June being the correct season for collecting it, I returned on this occasion to the samphire colony, and cut enough to make a couple of jars of pickle. This delicacy has now been made, and sampled. I used the recipe given in Jason Hill's excellent little war-time book "Wild Foods of Britain." Although I am not as yet wildly enthusiastic about it, I find that it has a distinctive and quite pleasant flavour, and the fleshy leaves and stems have a delightful scrunch. Probably it will improve with keeping, and then, too, it may be an acquired taste. Certainly I am glad to have tried this antique delicacy, whose gathering in the past was one of the most dangerous of all trades. One may be glad, too, to have arrived at a time when one can enjoy a little pickle with the cold joint, instead of eating a scrap of ration with the pickles.

I had the great interest and satisfaction of seeing one extremely rare plant flowering on a chalk cliff in the Isle of Wight. This was the wild stock, *Matthiola incana*. Apparently it is only found in a very few places in Britain, and fortunately for its continued existence, it enjoys the sort of inaccessible places which would defeat the most determined exterminator of rare plants. It is much like an ordinary garden

stock—of which it is the original ancestor, with a woody stem, grey leaves, and the purple, single flowers to which the garden varieties delight in reverting, to the annoyance of gardeners and seedsmen.

Seeing *Matthiola incana* flowering on the chalk cliff, the other day, seemed to ring a strange, remote bell. Memory flashed back over a hideously long span of years. For a moment I was again a small boy at a prep. school at Margate. Walking in hateful crocodile formation I saw, flowering on the chalk cliffs of Margate, plants of grey-leaved, purple-flowered stocks. Since those days I had never once recalled the incident, but the picture came back absolutely clearly when I met the plant a few days ago in the Isle of Wight. Wondering whether my memory could have been accurate and correct I have enquired of Botanical Authority at The Highest Level, as to whether *Matthiola incana* grows, or ever did grow, on the chalk cliffs at Margate, and am informed that the plant has never been recorded from that station. Well, it has now.

I wonder whether little prep-school boys—poor rats—still go about there in crocodile formation.



THE RARE NATIVE STOCK, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT RECENTLY SAW ON CHALK CLIFFS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT: *MATTHIOLA INCANA*, FROM A PLATE IN SOWERBY'S "BRITISH BOTANY."

valued by people who like to have winter arrangements of dried, mummified flowers, foliage, and seed vessels.

The chalk downs were delightful, and I found very leisurely loitering along the foot of Afton Down and Tennyson Down, almost, I repeat almost, a mild substitute for the high alpine flowered lawns. The short, fine turf was gay, sometimes brilliant, with

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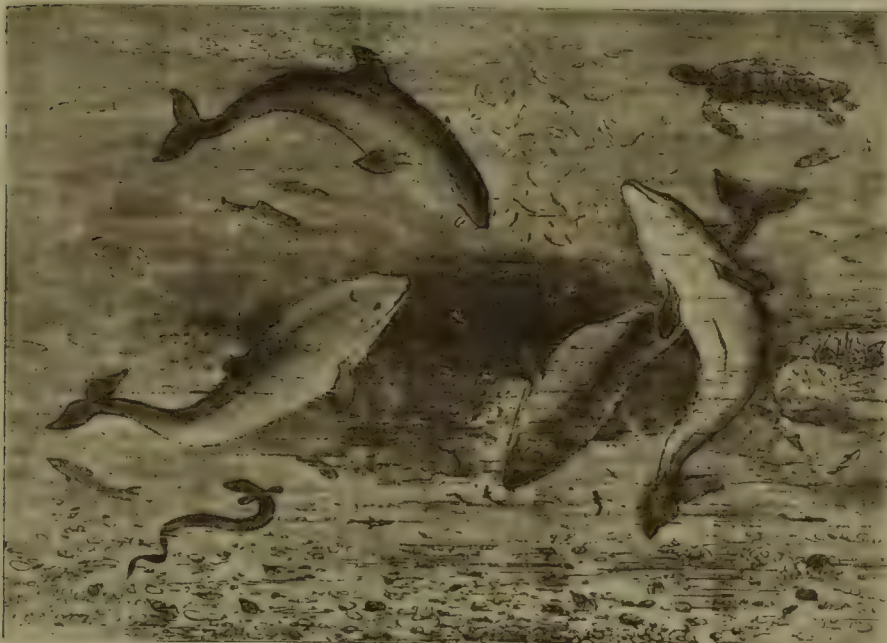
BRIGHTON AQUARIUM TO-DAY, AND 80 YEARS AGO: A FAMOUS INSTITUTION IN NEED OF REVIVAL.



BRIGHTON AQUARIUM TO-DAY, EIGHTY-TWO YEARS AFTER ITS OPENING. THE GREAT TANK NO LONGER EXISTS AND ONLY SIX OF THE ORIGINAL FORTY-TWO TANKS CONTAIN SEA-WATER.



BRIGHTON AQUARIUM IN THE MONTH IT WAS OPENED—AUGUST 1872—WHEN IT WAS ONE OF THE TWO GREATEST AQUARIA OF THE WORLD. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF AUGUST 10, 1872.)



"FEEDING THE PORPOISES IN THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM"—IN 1874. THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM WAS THE FIRST EVER TO BREED PORPOISES IN CAPTIVITY. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 31, 1874.)



"SEA-LIONS AT BRIGHTON AQUARIUM"—IN 1877. IT WAS AT THIS AQUARIUM THAT SEA-LIONS WERE FIRST BRED IN CAPTIVITY. (FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JANUARY 6, 1877.)



ONE OF THE FAMOUS TANKS OF THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM, NOW CONVERTED INTO A PENGUIN POOL: OF THE ORIGINAL FORTY-TWO TANKS, ONLY THIRTY NOW REMAIN.

When it was first opened in August 1872, the Brighton Aquarium shared the honours with Naples of being one of the only two great aquaria in the world; and it was sponsored by such great pioneer marine naturalists as Sir Richard Owen, Henry Lee, Keith Lord, Saville Kent, Frank Buckland, and others. It had many records to its credit, including the first breeding of sea-lions, porpoises and octopus, and was the first to exhibit the manatee. It had a huge, 110,000-gallon tank and forty-two other tanks (some of which are still the largest in the Old



NOW CONVERTED INTO AN UNDERGROUND DEN FOR A GROUP OF RHESUS MONKEYS: ONE OF THE ORIGINAL TANKS OF THE ONCE-FAMOUS BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

World). The great tank has now been destroyed, and of the thirty tanks remaining only six contain salt-water and many of the remainder have been converted into pens for apes, parrots and penguins. During the last few years scientists connected with the Brighton Technical College, the London Zoo, the Imperial College of Science and the Chelsea Polytechnic have been putting pressure on the local authorities to reclaim the building not only as a show-place but also as the serious research station it once so notably was. So far, without avail.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AFTERNOON OFF.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WITHIN a few hours of my looking at the drawings illustrated on this page, an engineer whose days are spent in nursing the complicated installations of a great industrial undertaking told me that he derived an exasperating and acute pleasure from trying to draw trees, with or without the landscape in which they stood. He would, he said, go out into the country, see a tree which interested him, and—provided nobody was about—put it down in pencil or water-colour. Then he'd come home, place it in a drawer, take it out after a month or so, decide it wasn't a bit like that particular tree or any other tree, and tear it up. When I asked him whether he ever tried to draw the imposing buildings and machinery among which he spent his working days, he looked surprised and said: "Oh, no! I couldn't do that—someone might see me."

That set me wondering how many of us are addicted to so difficult and absorbing a pursuit which we practise in shamefaced secrecy. I dare say far more than we imagine, though why this kind of diffidence should apparently afflict the inhabitants of these islands more than those of the mainland of Europe I don't know. Whoever heard of a Frenchman who wanted to paint or draw on his day off from work taking elaborate pains to conceal the fact? From what depths of puritanical barbarism deep down within us comes this scarcely avowed belief that the attempt to translate nature into terms of line and volume and colour is gentle fun for "cissies," not for men?—and why should amateur painters shy at making fools of themselves over painting when they positively glory in making fools of themselves over golf or cricket or a dozen other pursuits?

Take a brush, my good Sir—have a bash and be proud of it and enjoy life like Sir Winston—and go and see for yourself how bad you are compared to some others, and follow joyfully in their wake knowing

think that some modernists, obsessed by the world's wickedness, are impatient of this obstinate expatriate Frenchman's vision of the visible universe as a reincarnation of a Virgilian Golden Age, and cannot be bothered to notice with what delicacy and keen observation he paints the effect of light upon foliage and water. The more you look quietly at his paintings the more you realise the immense care he has taken over the preparatory work, with what science he manages that multitude of subtle recessions. This is one reason why his drawings, done as he wandered about the countryside, and which were in the main used afterwards as the basis of his paintings, are so

such delicate gusto, and this drawing is a brilliant example of his best years, those of the 1780's—he was born in 1756—before he grew careless. There is already the tendency to over-caricature (that is, to our taste) in the singularly ugly head of the man in the centre, but in the standing figures you have all the artist's lighthearted gaiety and fine, nervous line, and, of course, the grouping is impeccable—he could manage crowds as well as anyone on earth. The bright young man on the extreme right who is looking quizzically across at his friend who is so fascinated by the barmaid mixing the punch, reminds me of one of his very rare portrait drawings, that of his friend, the painter George Morland, which is in the British Museum. His dogs in this and other drawings are really worth a study in themselves. Their breed is generally uncertain and the majority of them appear to have been brought up in the gutter; yet they invariably have a knowing air and share their master's hearty enjoyment of the world and its wickedness.

Equally lighthearted in his own rather sedate style is a caricature of a cavalry officer by Robert Dighton, Rowlandson's contemporary. I suppose the most important drawing in the exhibition is a study of armour by Vittore Carpaccio, clearly a drawing made from a model seated on a wooden support, with his feet on the ground. The word "important" often occurs in catalogues and is sometimes merely a synonym for rare and unusual; this is something more, a singularly beautiful drawing.

After this show I just had time to join the afternoon crowd at the Tate to see the paintings from the Museum of Art in São Paulo, Brazil.

The following will stick in my memory—a famous Mantegna, two wonderful full-length portraits by Goya (people will argue for ever as to which is the finer) and a magnificent series of French nineteenth-century pictures. Now I digress for a brief moment. I had been decently brought up and had consequently been informed that no one had really lived until he had seen the Holbeins at Basel. Therefore, twenty years ago, not wishing to go about half-alive any longer, I got off the train at Basel and sat in front of the Holbeins. Then I wandered on and found myself bathed in the sun and air of the French Impressionists, and among



FIG. 1. "VIEW OF AMELIA"; BY CLAUDE GELLÉE, CALLED LE LORRAIN (1600-1682).

Pen and brown wash over black chalk.

This fine Claude drawing is a prospect of the hill town of Amelia, with famous Cyclopean walls, which lies in Umbria, some fifty miles north of Rome. It is on view—in common with the other illustrations on this page—at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's Exhibition of Old Master Drawings at their Old Bond Street Galleries.

fascinating. The other is that, even if you have never seen one of the paintings and may think that the only possible surname for a Claude is Hulbert, it is difficult not to recognise in one of these scraps of paper just that serenity, that beautiful warmth, and, at the same time, that simplicity which you have so often tried to attain yourself and have discovered at once how difficult that is.

Having eventually given up in despair, consider a lesser master who lived a century before Claude—Jan Van Scorel (1495-1562), whose landscape drawings are rare and who is altogether a second-magnitude but

interesting star; for he was one of the group of Dutchmen not very greatly in favour in their own country in modern times, who went to Italy and brought back with them something of Southern science. It must have been a heady experience for a young Northerner round about 1520 to go to Rome and Florence and Venice, and it is not surprising that so many of them brought back not the spirit so much as the mannerisms of Raphael and Michelangelo. None the less, Jan Scorel, who worked at Haarlem, Amsterdam and Utrecht, only seems small when you compare him with a giant, and the loose, fluid handwriting of this



FIG. 2. "LANDSCAPE, WITH A TOWN BY A RIVER"; BY JAN VAN SCOREL (1495-1562). (Pen and water-colour.)

This rare landscape drawing by Jan van Scorel bears on the verso Roman ruins and two sketches of River Gods in pen and brown ink. The colouring is exceptional, but it is clearly original.

you will never reach their standard, but that you too will have lived in Arcadia; and criticise 'em, too, if you have a mind to; even this drawing here (Fig. 1), by Claude, who was a simple, inarticulate man, no good at words, but who lives by his deeds. Claude Gellée, born in Lorraine in 1600, and better known to the world as Claude Le Lorrain, began his career in the unlikely profession of pastrycook, went to Rome at the age of nineteen and painted there continuously until his death at the age of eighty-two. His paintings, very carefully composed, with their exquisite formal pattern and subtle distances, were as much the delight of his contemporaries as they have been of every generation since, though, to be sure, our Mr. Ruskin disapproved of them. I rather

pen-and-water-colour drawing (Fig. 2) is far closer to what some of us might hope to reach in a thousand years or so than the warm, noble magic of the Claude. These two drawings are chosen from the current Old Master Drawings Exhibition at Colnaghi's because they show so neatly the difference between a great and a less-great master; two drawings out of more than a hundred.

From the high seriousness of Claude to the raffish brilliancy of Thomas Rowlandson is a long journey (Fig. 3)—but if we can't all have genius, some of us possess talent, and that Rowly had in his very specialised and somewhat blowsy world. No one before or since in England has set down in pen-and-wash the ordinary scenes of street and tavern with



FIG. 3. "THE COFFEE HOUSE"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827).

Pen and water-colour.

Rowlandson, one of the most gifted of British draughtsmen, did his best early work from 1780 to 1790, and this drawing is an excellent example of that period. The humour is combined with charm and Rowlandson's keen observation of manners.

them what I thought then and still think to-day is surely among the noblest of all figure paintings of this or any other age—viz., the Renoir of 1870, "La Baigneuse au Griffon." Ever since, Basel to me has been not the city of Holbein, but the place where this magnificent hymn to humankind was to be heard; and there was the picture, now the property of São Paulo. Great art is surely the best and most tactful of ambassadors among civilised people, and therefore I must say this about our own contribution—and how curious I have seen no reference to the point in print, though there's no lack of comment in conversation. The English pictures make English visitors sorry for themselves—we like our representatives abroad to be first-raters and, quite frankly, these are not.

LONDON'S RE-BUILT DUTCH CHURCH OPENED BY PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS.



SHOWING THE AUSTERE BUT SPACIOUS AND DIGNIFIED INTERIOR: THE NEW DUTCH CHURCH, IN AUSTIN FRIARS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE PULPIT.



DESIGNED WITH SIMPLE STRAIGHT LINES, THE WALLS DECORATED WITH EMBLEMS IN RELIEF CUT IN THE PORTLAND STONE; THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW DUTCH CHURCH.



WITH THE ORGAN ON THE RIGHT APPROACHED BY A SPIRAL STAIR: A VIEW TOWARDS THE WEST WINDOW, BY THE DUTCH ARTIST, MAX NAUTA, ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH AND INCLUDING A PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS IRENE.

The mediæval Dutch Protestant Church in Austin Friars granted to Dutch and other Protestant refugees from Europe in 1550 by charter of Edward VI. was destroyed by enemy action during the war. Princess Irene of the Netherlands laid the foundation stone of the new church in 1950; and on Sunday last, July 11, her Royal Highness in the presence of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone (representing the British Royal family), representatives of



ARRIVING FOR THE CEREMONY ON JULY 11: PRINCESS IRENE (EXTREME RIGHT), QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS (LEFT) AND (BEHIND; L. TO R.) MRS. FISHER AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

churches of the Netherlands; and many other distinguished persons, opened the new church, using a silver key. The chief architect of the building was Mr. Adrian Bailey, and the golden cockerel weather-vane which surmounts the steeple was designed by Mr. John Skeaping. The west window, by Max Nauta, a Dutch artist, illustrates the whole history of the church from its foundation; and the figures represented in it include one of Princess Irene in a modern schoolgirl's dress.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TORTOISES, TURTLES AND TERRAPINS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

FOLLOWING the publication on this page last year of Mr. C. H. Lay's account of the presumed courtship dance of his tortoise, I received a letter from Mr. Noël-Hume. This contained long and interesting descriptions of the behaviour of his tortoises, which caused me to reply that I was unaware tortoises could show so much vivacity. Later, I met Mr. Noël-Hume and his wife, and received an invitation to visit at their home. So my education in the matter of chelonians took one step forward.

My host and hostess live in one of London's suburbs, in an average-sized house and an average-sized garden. Inside, neither house nor garden can be described as average. In the garden, for instance, there is a series of small wooden houses—châlets is, I understand, the correct word—each with its tortoises in residence, a sort of tortoise-suburbia. Perhaps a better description would be that the garden had the appearance of being a cross between a kennels and a Tank Corps dépôt. Within the house there was normality, except for two things. Along the sill of the dining-room window was a fine series of ancient wine-bottles, and elsewhere there were the occasional series of comparable objects of antiquarian interest. The second thing was that everywhere there were tortoises, alive or dead. A polished turtle-shell hung on one wall, a musical instrument made of the "box" of a tortoise lay on an occasional table, and if you were handed an ash-tray it was in the form of a pottery tortoise. In the linen cupboard, nestling against the hot tank, was the largest of the tortoises, while smaller chelonians had their favourite spots in other places.

Perhaps the biggest surprise was that there could be so many tortoises in and around the house without giving an air of anything unusual. Nor did there seem anything unusual when, as we sat around the fire after dinner, several tortoises wandered in and disposed themselves in front of the fire as the cats or the dogs would in any other household. In that

given the freedom of a large sink filled with water. Feeding over, one terrapin manoeuvred into position until exactly head-on to its congener, when it brought

deal with the emotional behaviour of these armoured reptiles, with their courtship, aggressive displays and methods of fighting. The mere thought of anger in a tortoise is piquant, yet even a small tortoise will butt like a demon and endeavour to turn its opponent



THE BRAZILIAN GIANT TORTOISE IN A LONDON SUBURB: (ABOVE) IN THE GARDEN; (RIGHT) ON THE HEARTH-RUG. The Brazilian giant tortoise, from the Equatorial jungle area of South America, feeds on fallen fruit, carrion and low-growing vegetation. The shell, long and narrow, may be up to 2 ft. in length.

its front paddles straight forward to lie either side of the head and vibrated them so rapidly that they were momentarily lost in a blur of movement. The display was not particularly welcomed by the other terrapin, and the active evading action it took, the jockeying for position on the part of its fellow, together with the display itself, produced a bustle of movement justifying the use of the word "vivacity."

My reason for recalling this visit is that Ivor and Audrey Noël-Hume have recently published a book on tortoises ("Tortoises, Terrapins and Turtles": Foyles Handbooks; 2s. 6d.) which must be one of the best pieces of low-priced zoological literature of recent times. Writing largely from personal experience, the authors cover the tortoise in history, its biology, its ailments and its treatment. There are adequate descriptions of the hardy Mediterranean species as well as those from tropical and sub-tropical regions, with a chapter on giant tortoises and notes on their longevity. There are practical notes on making houses and enclosures for these pets, on their feeding and—answering questions so often asked—on the care and incubation of their eggs. In Chapter 3 the authors



on to its back or tip it over the edge of a rock to crash below. Further, when in an aggressive mood, one species of tortoise "is in the habit of drinking a quantity of water and later blowing it into the face of the opponent that it wishes to arouse." My eye was also caught by the following anecdote: "An observer walking along a South African road saw a hawk dive on a newly-hatched tortoise. The bird missed and gained height for another attack. A second much larger tortoise witnessed the incident and, as the hawk dived again, pushed the baby under a near-by bush, thus saving its life." In the light of modern researches on animal behaviour it must be presumed that the larger tortoise belligerently butted the smaller one and did so at a providential moment. But it was a lucky coincidence.

One of the objects of this book is "to provide the necessary information to ensure the well-being of the tortoise." The attitude of the authors throughout is commendably objective. And then we read that the Brazilian giant tortoise is "one of the most intelligent of the Chelonia."

Can one speak of intelligence in a tortoise? Much depends, of course, on one's definition of the word. But here is a story told me on the occasion of my visit. The Brazilian giant tortoise belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Noël-Hume was exercised in the garden on warm days and while there it developed the habit of wandering indoors and taking its rest in a dark corner in one of the downstairs rooms. When the cold days set in, it was taken upstairs, to be domiciled there, but it managed to find its way downstairs and into its favourite dark corner. Leaving aside the feat of direction-finding involved in this, the most remarkable thing was the manner in which the tortoise accomplished the journey. It was seen to go to the head of the stairs and shuffle about until nearly half of the body overhung the tread of the top stair. Then, withdrawing its head and neck and its front legs and giving a push with the hind-legs, it tobogganed the flight of stairs, extending its fore-feet at the appropriate moment to break its fall. After that, the rest was easy. It merely wandered into its favourite dark corner. Even a tortoise, it seems, knows what it wants and goes out to get it. If this method of journeying downstairs cannot be classed as intelligence within the scientific definition (if any) of the word, at least it showed a keen appreciation of the mechanics involved.



THE ERODED CINIXYS FROM THE HOT RAIN FORESTS OF WEST AFRICA. This West African tortoise makes a colourful and interesting pet. It is characterised by a forked projection from the plastron which forms a chin-rest. In attack this is thrust beneath the side of an opponent in an attempt to turn it over on its back.

atmosphere there was no surprise to see the largest, a Brazilian giant tortoise, making itself a nuisance to its smaller neighbours, nor that when commanded to desist it should do so as reluctantly and no more slowly than a playful dog will respond to a similar command. Indeed, one fully expected to see this tortoise, after a particularly extended display of disobedience, and when it had been taken on to Mrs. Noël-Hume's lap and scolded, give every sign of contrition. And looking back, I feel this was not just fancy on my part.

It would not be possible here to enter into more than a few of my outstanding impressions. At feeding-time, when being hand-fed, the Brazilian giant tortoise would signify that it wanted no more, or even that it did not want the particular food proffered, by moving the head slowly from side to side. It could be that there is a thoroughly prosaic explanation for this: that it is a natural movement to avoid the particular object presented in front of the beak. Nevertheless, it was a rhythmic movement so like the human gesture for "No" that one wonders whether this wagging of the head from side to side in human beings to express a negative may not antedate by far the inception of articulate speech.

The highlight of the evening came when a pair of terrapins were fed. These were normally resident in a small aquarium. For feeding-time they were



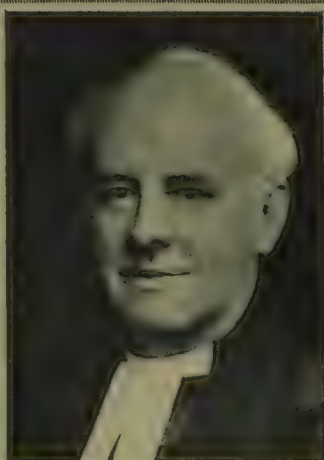
THE LEOPARD TORTOISE EXCAVATING A CAVITY IN THE GROUND FOR ITS EGGS. It is found from Abyssinia to South Africa and has a highly-domed shell decorated with black splashes on a yellow ground.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of I. Noël-Hume.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.


THE NEW BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPION: PETER THOMSON.

Peter Thomson, of Australia, is seen above holding the trophy after winning the British Open Golf Championship at the Royal Birkdale Course, Southport, on July 9. Thomson, who is a professional, and has twice before finished second, completed his four rounds with the low total of 283.


METHODIST CONFERENCE PRESIDENT: DR. L. WEATHERHEAD.

Minister of the City Temple, London, since 1936, Dr. Leslie Weatherhead has been designated President of the Methodist Conference for 1955. This will be the first time that the Presidency will have been held by a Methodist who is occupying a post as leader of a Congregational Church. Dr. Weatherhead is sixty-one years old.


VICTIMS OF A SHOOTING INCIDENT: TWO DOMINICAN DIPLOMATS.

Senor Don Luis Bernadino (left), First Secretary at the Dominican Embassy in London, one of two diplomats involved in a shooting incident in the Dominican Consulate, London, on July 10, died the following morning. The other, Captain Don Octavio de la Maza Valquez, the Dominican Air Attaché, was seriously wounded.


THE BRITISH ACADEMY'S NEW PRESIDENT: SIR GEORGE CLARK.

Sir George Clark, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, since 1947, was elected President of the British Academy on July 8 in succession to Sir Charles Webster. Sir George, who was educated at Manchester Grammar School and Balliol College, Oxford, was Regius Professor of Modern History, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1943-47.


HOME WITH A SHOW-JUMPING TROPHY: MISS PAT SMYTHE.

Miss Pat Smythe, the British horsewoman, is seen above on her arrival at London Airport on July 5 holding the cup she won in the Jumping Grand Prix at the International Horse Show, Madrid, on June 20. Miss Smythe was also successful at the International Horse Show, Vichy, on July 4.


DIED ON JULY 6: MR. GABRIEL PASCAL.

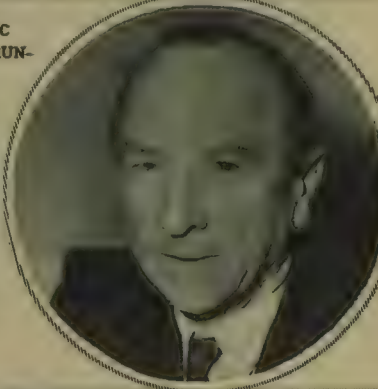
Mr. Gabriel Pascal, the film producer and director, was sixty. His main achievement was to succeed, where others had failed, in persuading Shaw to allow him to make film versions of the latter's plays. "Pygmalion" appeared in 1937; "Major Barbara" in 1940, and "Caesar and Cleopatra" in 1945. "Androcles and the Lion," begun in Italy in 1947, was shown in 1951.


AFTER BREAKING THE THREE MILES WORLD RECORD: F. GREEN (RIGHT) AND C. J. CHATAWAY.

Our picture shows C. J. Chataway (Achilles Club) congratulating F. Green (Birchfield Harriers) after the latter had won the three-mile event and broken the world record in the A.A.A. Championships at the White City on July 10. Both Green and Chataway, who was second, covered the distance in 13 mins. 32.2 secs., beating the previous record by 2 sec.

TO BE SCIENTIFIC ADVISER: SIR F. BRUNDRETT.

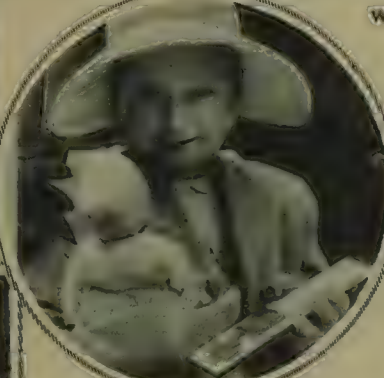
Sir Frederick Brundrett has been chosen as chairman of the Defence Research Policy Committee and Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Defence in succession to Sir John Cockcroft. Sir Frederick has been Deputy Scientific Adviser to the Ministry since 1950. From 1947 to 1950 he was Chief of the Royal Navy Scientific Service.


APPOINTED A METROPOLITAN MAGISTRATE: MR. E. ROBEY.

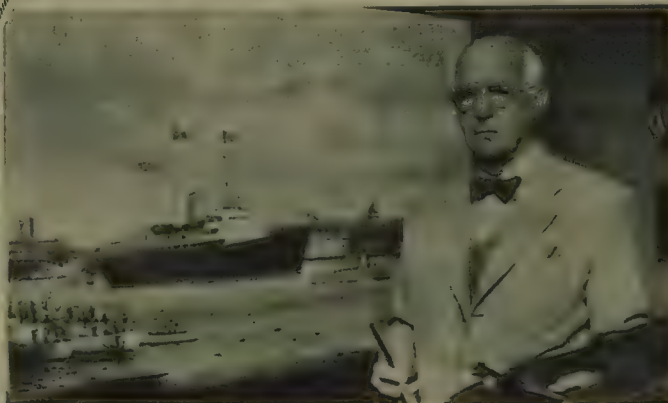
Mr. Edward George Robey, son of Sir George Robey, the actor, has been appointed a Metropolitan magistrate. Mr. Robey, who was educated at Westminster and Jesus College, Cambridge, was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1925. In 1945 he was appointed to the Attorney-General's Executive for the prosecution of the major war criminals at Nuremberg.


WITH HER FATHER'S VICTORIA CROSS: SUSAN CURTIS.

Seven-year-old Susan Curtis, daughter of Lieut. Philip Curtis, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, who was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry while fighting in Korea in 1951, received her father's medal at the hands of the Queen at an Investiture in Buckingham Palace on July 6. A photograph of Lieut. Curtis appeared in our issue of December 12, 1953.


THE QUEEN AS GODMOTHER TO THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF EUSTON.

The Queen was godmother to Lord and Lady Euston's younger daughter, christened Virginia Mary Elizabeth, whom she is holding. Lord and Lady Euston, their other children, and the Royal children (R.) are shown.


WORKING ON HIS PAINTING OF THE ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA: MR. NORMAN WILKINSON.

The Royal yacht *Britannia* is being painted by the veteran marine artist, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, for the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The painting depicts *Britannia* passing the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.


THE TEAM FROM ALLHALLOWS SCHOOL, ROUSDEN, DEVON, AFTER WINNING THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY.

Allhallows School won the Ashburton Shield at Bisley on July 8 with a record score of 524, beating Eton's record score of 517, set up in 1947, by seven points. Cadet Love (standing right) scored a possible at each range.


WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: MRS. PANDIT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Mrs. Pandit, sister of the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, had tea with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill at their home at Chartwell on July 11. Mrs. Pandit arrived in London on July 5 for a week's official visit.

USED BY OUR GRANDFATHERS: HISTORIC CARRIAGES AT THE ROYAL SHOW.



DRIVEN FROM PICCADILLY TO BRIGHTON AND BACK IN UNDER EIGHT HOURS: THE "OLD TIMES" ROAD-OR STAGE-COACH WHICH MADE THIS RECORD JOURNEY IN 1888.



IMPORTED FROM ITALY AND VERY FASHIONABLE DURING THE YEARS 1800-1850: A CURRICLE, AS USED BY DICKENS AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



USED FOR TANDEM DRIVING BY SPORTSMEN FROM THE TIME OF GEORGE III. TO VICTORIA: A COCKING CART, WITH A BOOT LARGE ENOUGH TO CARRY FIGHTING COCKS.



SEEN AT ITS BEST IN HYDE PARK, HORSED BY A SINGLE PONY OR SMART PAIR: A LADY'S PHAETON, 1824, ITS SHAPE SO CONVENIENT FOR A CRINOLINE.



THE ORIGINAL SHILLIBEER OMNIBUS, 1829: IT RAN BETWEEN PADDINGTON AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND VIA NEW ROAD AND CITY ROAD, AND THE FARE WAS A SHILLING.



USED FROM 1820 ONWARDS AND OF INFINITE VARIETY: A PARK PHAETON. THE VEHICLE ILLUSTRATED IS STILL REGULARLY DRIVEN BY ITS PRESENT OWNER.



THE LAST TYPE OF HORSE-BUS TO RUN IN LONDON: A GARDEN-SEAT BUS, 1890 (STAR OMNIBUS), WHICH RAN FROM CAMBERWELL GREEN TO CLAPHAM COMMON FOR 3D.

An event which caused a lot of interest and amusement at the Royal Show, Windsor, held from July 6 to 9 under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, was the daily exhibition and parade of about sixty ancient and historic vehicles such as were used in the days of our grandfathers. They served as a picturesque reminder of those perhaps more leisurely pre-combustion-engine days of horse-drawn vehicles. A good vehicle in those days lasted for



A SHOOTING-BRAKE, A VERY NEAT, PRIVATE VEHICLE. THE BOOT, WITH ITS VENTILATED PANELS, WAS AN IDEAL PLACE IN WHICH TO CARRY GUN-DOGS.

generations and was handed on from father to son. Its shine and polish was the result of about twenty coats of paint and varnish and much elbow-grease, and even to-day the majority of vehicles left are serviceable. Among those shown above, the Garden-seat Omnibus must be well within the memory of many people. Its last official registration as a public vehicle, according to the police plate inside, was in November, 1911.

A NEW SAILING RIG, AND ITEMS INDUSTRIAL, CEREMONIAL AND AERONAUTIC.



THE EXPLOSIONS WHICH INAUGURATED THE LOCH SHIN HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT ON WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED SUTHERLAND'S "GREATEST DAY."

On July 6 Miss Jessie Murray, whose family have been crofters on the same land in Sutherland for five generations, fired the charges which marked the opening of the Loch Shin hydro-electric project, which is designed to bring cheap light and power to Sutherland. The project will take five to seven years.



AN AMERICAN-STYLE "TICKER-TAPE" WELCOME FOR PORTUGAL'S PRESIDENT, GENERAL F. H. C. LOPES, WHEN HE DROVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF LISBON ON JULY 3, AFTER A SIX-WEEKS VISIT TO PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.



A NEW SAILING RIG—THE "LAPWING"—HERE SEEN CLOSE-HAULED, WITH THE SAILS CLOSED.

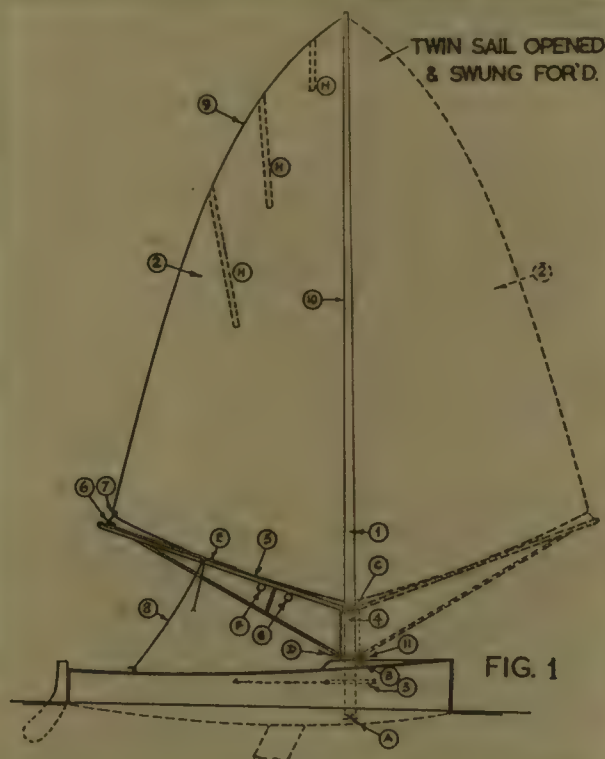


FIG. 1



THE "LAPWING" RIG, RUNNING, MAST TO LEeward AND WITH THE SAILS OPEN.

We show here two photographs and a diagram of the new Vosper-Hasling "Lapwing" rig fitted to a 12-ft. Firefly dinghy hull. Briefly, the main advantages claimed for this rig over the Bermudian sloop rig are as follows: (a) Ability to double the working sail area instantaneously when off the wind, or in light weather, on any point of sailing up to a close reach; (b) Extreme ease of reefing, unreefing and furling; (c) Sails are always fully controllable for incidence, twist and arching; (d) With the sails opened, there are no gybing worries and the boat can "wear" from a reach on the port tack to a reach on the starboard tack without gybing; (e) Abolition of standing rigging, kicking strap and topping lift; (f) Ability to "weathercock" quietly, even with the wind abaft the beam; (g) Good all-round visibility for the helmsman even over the lee bow when heeled over. KEY TO THE DIAGRAM: (1) Unstayed rotating mast of a circular section, hollow spruce, supported by bearings A at the step, and B at the deck; (2) Twin sails with a common luff, secured to the mast. These sails may lie either on top of each other (solid line), or goose-winged (dotted line); (3) Mast rolling wheel, operated by nylon rope working in a V-groove; (4) A strong

metal tube sheathing the lower mast and solid with it; (5) Twin cantilever booms, in plan like a pair of dividers. Each boom is supported by a bearing ring C, near the top of the mast tube, and another, D, round the housing of the upper mast bearing; (6) On each boom a "clew traveller" running in a track, E; along the top of the boom and hauled out by a wire "traveller outhaul" operated by a small drum winch, F; (7) On each boom, a wire "Clew outhaul," leading from the clew of the sail through the clew traveller and hook on the gunwale, through a bulls-eye on the boom and back to the hand; (8) The mainsheets, not fully shown. Each boom has a sheet leading from a cut with most of its roach towards the head. Three Perspex battens, H, are fitted to each sail, and when the sail is furled, the two lower battens roll up in a spiral round the mast; (9) The leach of each sail is held to the mast by a light alloy strip secured with small screws; (10) In the prototype boat, each sail is held to the mast by a light alloy strip secured with small screws. All fittings have been designed so that the mast can be quickly stepped; (11) An "Alpha Indicator" fitted at the lower boom bearings shows the exact angle of incidence of the booms to the centre line of the hull.



A SHIP BUILT IN TWO SEPARATE HALVES: THE AFTER-PART OF THE TANKER ANDWI BEING TOWED DOWN THE WEAR FOR UNION WITH ITS FORE-PART IN DRY-DOCK.

The 18,250-ton Norwegian tanker *Andwi* has been built by Messrs. John Crown and Sons, of Sunderland, in two halves, as was the 23,000-ton *Rondeffell*; and we show the after-part on its way down from Southwick to the dry-dock, where the two halves are being joined.



LANDING IN CENTRAL LONDON AFTER A NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM CENTRAL BRUSSELS: A SABENA S-55 HELICOPTER TOUCHING-DOWN AT THE SOUTH BANK.

On July 7 a Belgian Sabena S-55 helicopter made the first direct flight from central Brussels to central London, landing on the South Bank site, taking 2 hours 51 mins. for the trip. The return flight took 2 hours 34 mins. Among the passengers was Sabena's chairman, M. G. Perier.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LAUGHING IT OFF.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MY father, when at sea, used to read a medley of books which he deposited at home, in Cornwall, between voyages. So, every seven or eight months, another queer collection was added to the shelves. I remember that two volumes by Mrs. Henry Wood, "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles" and "Danesbury House," aged, foxed, battered, and picked up goodness knows where, arrived in the case that contained a few novels by Henry James, surprisingly a Shakespeare concordance, and (for this was during the First World War) sundry special Gift Books. What James, "marmoreal darling of the Few," could have said about Mrs. Wood I have never dared to hazard. My own taste inclined to Mrs. Halliburton and her troubles, whatever they were. They touched me profoundly at the time, and caused me—at the age of nine or so—to roam about the village, glooming and no doubt intolerably sententious.

Nowadays Mrs. Halliburton is far in the caverns of memory. She whisked out for a few seconds at Sadler's Wells recently, where the programme announced, with some parade, "a careful revival of the world-famous melodrama, 'East Lynne,' from the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood." Only two hours before, I had been looking casually through a long-unopened book on travel in Siberia, written during 1902. One page seemed to flatten itself out so that I could read the paragraph, about a fête in the public gardens at Omsk: "There was also an open-air theatre. It was impossible to get anywhere for the crush. But from the distance it looked rather a mournful performance—probably a Russian version of 'East Lynne.' I thought I recognised the death of Little Willie."

That has been for ninety years one of the show-pieces of the Drama, with Little Willie among the Infant Phenomena. No child can have died more often upon the stage since "East Lynne" was first performed—it has been done in all manner of versions—and time has caused it to be regarded as a plum for mockers. Yet it is not really very comic. Mrs. Wood, as the Sadler's Wells programme nobly admits, did not write Lady Isabel's theatrical line, "Dead, dead,

melodrama, taken "straight," manages to get across. At the Wells, then, where the piece—hardly drawn from the Wood—seems to be a travesty of a travesty, a composite of a pirated American version and one for the English "fit-ups," we can laugh most freely when we abandon the play for sheer skylarking. Thus Lord Mount Severn (the "fine old English gentleman") and Archibald Carlyle, the Squire of East Lynne, run off the rails to discuss British foreign policy. Why? So that Lord Mount Severn may be able to say "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo! if we do—!" and, with Carlyle, to boom suddenly into song: "The Russians shall not have Constantinople." Excellent! And, at the close, down the steps from the back comes Britannia, herself, in whom we recognise Joan Young, the actress of Miss Cornelia Carlyle, supported by her parlourmaids and footmen. For the time being—and apparently all in the course of a morning's work—they have become representatives of the armed forces.

Later in the play, Archibald finds himself in the picture gallery of East Lynne. Now there is no reason in the world why a squire should not walk round his own picture gallery from time to time; but it is unusual, I think, for him to sing "If those lips could only speak," aided by a chorus of portraits. Still, strange things can happen in picture galleries: we recall the alarms at Ruddigore. Gilbert's line, "All baronets are bad," was directed against the "East Lynne" school of melodramatists. Sir Francis Levison, Mrs. Wood's Bad Bart., is a sound specimen; but Edgar K. Bruce over-plays his hand in the old-fashioned manner of burlesque. We have met this type of self-conscious comic villain so often that he is no longer funny. It would have been happier to have treated him more suavely and reasonably as a match for the pleasant wandering vagueness of James Carney, the Archibald Carlyle. As it is, the actors appear to be playing in different keys.

Not, I suppose, that it matters much. Enthusiasts for this kind of burlesque will cheer from the first: the night, in their view, is a free-for-all. Other playgoers hold that the mock-Victorian joke is in shreds;

and that, comic and well-sung as some of the interpolated ballads are at the Wells, the framework is worrying. And perhaps it is time to forget Little Willie, to write him off at last. The present company, under Dennis Arundell, is generally cheerful. With Derek Oldham in voice, Joan Young to tilt the



EDGAR K. BRUCE AS SIR FRANCIS LEVISON, THE "BAD BART.," AND ROSALINDE FULLER AS LADY ISABEL, IN A REVIVAL OF THE VICTORIAN MELODRAMA "EAST LYNNE" (SADLER'S WELLS), FROM THE NOVEL BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. "Enthusiasts for this kind of burlesque will cheer from the first: the night, in their view, is a free-for-all. Other playgoers hold that the mock-Victorian joke is in shreds; and that, comic and well-sung as some of the interpolated ballads are at the Wells, the framework is worrying."



GRANNY AND THE PROFESSOR LISTENING TO A GRAPHIC COMMENTARY OF THE FOOTBALL MATCH.

A scene from "2-Nil in Our Favour," at the London Casino, where until July 31 the Moscow State Puppet Theatre, directed by Sergei Obraztsov, is giving a season arranged on behalf of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R.

and never called me mother." Even if we allow that this is a riotous joke—though, in the situation, is it?—laughter at the rest of the scene must be forced by blatant burlesque.

The most agreeable passages at Sadler's Wells are extraneous, mere decorations. Mrs. Wood, in spite of everything, was a naturally competent story-teller. "East Lynne," on first appearance, had an excellent *Times* review, and it astonished Harriet Martineau by its "power and interest." We may not use those words to-day, but we can agree that the old story, however preposterous, has a narrative flow. The

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"EBB TIDE" ("Q").—Frank Thring, an Australian actor, was a forcible and dominating Attwater in this efficient revival. (June 29–July 4.)

MOSCOW STATE PUPPET THEATRE (London Casino).—The "small players," directed by Sergei Obraztsov and manipulated with great cunning, are what Jonson's Leatherhead called "actors, sir, and as good as any . . . for dumb shows." (June 30.)

"EAST LYNNE" (Sadler's Wells).—An elaborate (and sometimes desperate) venture in outmoded burlesque, often well acted and with a nice taste in irrelevant balladry. (July 1.)

"OUT OF THE BLUE" (Phoenix).—Out of the light blue, sponsored by the Cambridge Footlights. This is a comfortably relaxing occasion, an undergraduates' good-tempered intimate revue, all-male, in which one is content to take the good with the less good, to enjoy a prickle of puns that would have delighted Planché (we shall remember "Et tu, Cutie?" in the Wild West "Caesar" sketch), and to hail such a direct hit as the dance band of "Joe and the boys," and such promise as that of the multi-voiced, gangling Jonathan Miller. Leslie Bricusse has produced swiftly. And no one mentions "East Lynne." (July 6.)

acid (but she has other work besides Miss Cornelia), Rosalinde Fuller to grapple with Lady Isabel—who keeps on escaping from burlesque—and Molly and Nancy Munks to speak in unison for the servants' hall, East Lynne is loyally peopled. It is comic when Derek Oldham and James Carney, in the old actors' trick, "upstage" each other. Later, we would not have missed the glass of milk (was it?) that was gummed miraculously to its tray. However, now that all concerned have had their fun, it may be wiser to moderate this chuckling over Victorian melodrama: a habit that is becoming as old-fashioned as the work it seeks to tease.

There is, of course, no glint of burlesque, no attempt to laugh it off, in "Ebb Tide," Donald Pleasence's adaptation from Stevenson and Osbourne, which I saw recently at the "Q." This reaches the theatre as taut-wire melodrama, depending upon the characters of Attwater, island king, and the vitriol-tossing Cockney rat, Huish ("Mr. Wish"), one of the nastiest types we can hope to shudder at in the theatre. Frank Thring realised Attwater clearly: he conveyed the size of the man, who in his own South Seas realm must tower, and he had the kind of personality that clutched the attention. Jack Rodney had a very intelligent idea of Huish, but no one is likely to frighten me more in this part than the dramatist did himself at the Royal Court a few years ago. The difference between the performances was that one sat forward to Mr. Pleasence, and was able to relax with Mr. Rodney.

Fresh from the record of that possible Little Willie at Omsk, I went to the London Casino, almost expecting to bag a potted "East Lynne" in the repertory of the Moscow State Puppet Theatre. No; instead, these magical puppets presented a three-act comedy called "2-Nil In Our Favour." The story, such as it was, remained negligible and had too much spoken dialogue (in Russian); but it did allow the little people—worked from below, without strings—to dance, to dive, to skate, to sail, and so forth. They performed all their evolutions with uncanny exactness. I am quite sure that, if they had wished, they could have taken Little Willie in a tragi-comic stride.

THE GUATEMALAN REVOLUTION.



THE ENTRY OF COLONEL ARMAS INTO GUATEMALA CITY ON JULY 3. GREAT CROWDS CHEERED HIM AND COLONEL MONZON—IN THE CAR IN THE FOREGROUND.



AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE AGREEMENT: COLONEL ARMAS (RIGHT) AND COLONEL MONZON EMBRACE IN THE DAWN OF JULY 2, AFTER LONG BARGAINING IN SAN SALVADOR.



HUGE CROWDS GATHERED BEFORE THE NATIONAL PALACE IN GUATEMALA CITY TO WELCOME COLONEL ARMAS. ABOVE, A LIGHT AIRCRAFT DROPPING PAMPHLETS OF WELCOME.

After thirty-six hours of hard bargaining in the neutral territory of San Salvador, an agreement was signed in the dawn of July 2 by Colonel Armas, the leader of the Guatemalan rebels, and Colonel Monzon. The basis of the agreement was that the government should be in the hands of a military junta of five, headed by Colonel Monzon and including Colonel Armas; but that after fifteen days this junta should elect a permanent president. On the following day, Colonel Armas, who two years before had fled from Guatemala City with a price on his head, re-entered the capital to a tremendous reception. Immediately before his arrival, a Honduran Communist lawyer, Senor Flores, was placed before a firing squad, and within a few days the gaols were filled with Communist sympathisers. The state of siege imposed by the Arbenz régime was ended by the new junta on July 7.

CHINESE FINGER-PAINTING IN LONDON.

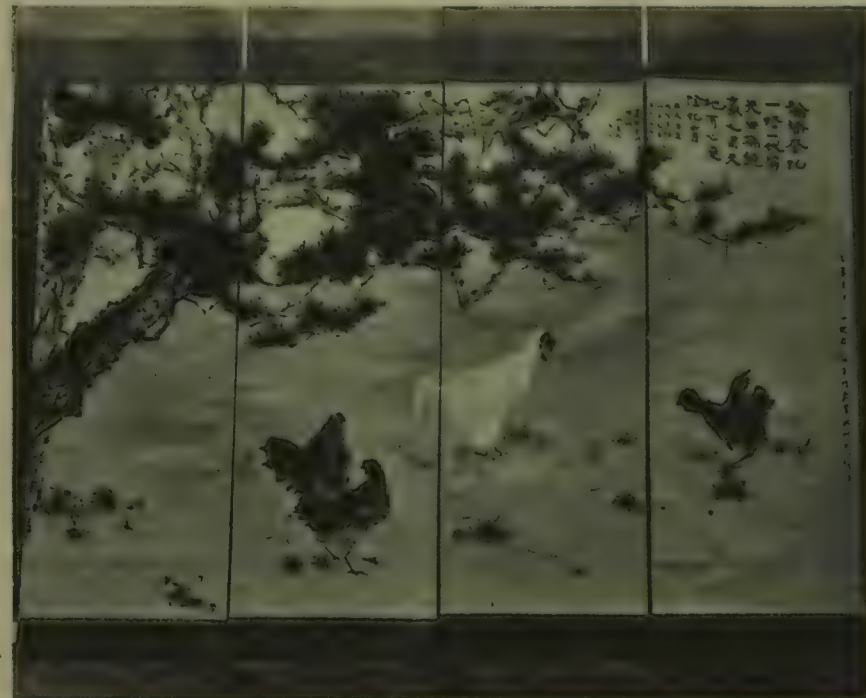
On July 8 an exhibition opened at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, of finger-paintings by a modern Chinese artist, Mr. Wu Tsai Yen, of Singapore, who believes he is the only Chinese now employing this ancient technique. He read of the old method when he was a young student and during the past thirty years has developed his own technique in the art. As can be seen from the examples shown of his work here and now exhibited in South Kensington, his subjects and his manner are those of the classic Chinese artists. His work is done on rice paper scrolls and he has demonstrated his method at the Institute, with his wife assisting him and mixing his colours. The exhibition continues open until August 2, and is one of the greatest interest, alike, to the specialist and general public. As far as is known this is the first exhibition and demonstration of finger-painting in this country. Mr. Wu's visit is largely due to the encouragement of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. His exhibition at Kuala Lumpur was opened by Sir Gerald Templer.



CHINESE FINGER-PAINTINGS BY WU TSAI YEN, A SINGAPORE ARTIST WHOSE WORK AND METHOD ARE CURRENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



WU TSAI YEN PAINTING A SPRAY OF PLUM BLOSSOM WITH HIS FINGER—AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. HIS WIFE IS SHOWN MIXING HIS PAINTS.



"PINE AND CHICKENS": ONE OF THE FINGER-PAINTINGS ON RICE PAPER BY WU TSAI YEN AND AMONG THOSE EXHIBITED AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no fixed relation between a novel's talent and vivacity and the degree of its appeal, or even one's considered view of it. On the other hand, these last are much more open to debate. So in a dubious case one should first emphasise the first, which are as near as possible matters of fact. There can be no denying that "Only Fade Away," by Bruce Marshall (Constable; 12s. 6d.), crackles with cleverness and animation. Also, it has a lively social backcloth, an intermittently absorbing plot, and—in design—a touching figure of a hero.

Strang Methuen has always wanted to be good—ever since he was a little boy, and great-aunt Aggie taught him about Jesus. Aunt Aggie was a rigid Presbyterian; Strang is reared more genteelly, in the Episcopal Church of Scotland. But though his public school offers reduced fees to the sons of clergymen, what it purveys is chiefly bullying and smut. Yet at Braemount he gets a fresh and final impulse, from a schoolmaster in holy orders; and there he first gets across Hermiston, the lout and terror of the form. This is a natural result; after old Stevenson's discourse on piety, he has to stand up for his friend the "wreck." Hermiston comes off worst; and so the future is complete in germ.

They meet again in 1917, when Hermiston is a Staff Captain, and Methuen a new-baked Subaltern, wound up to battle for the right, and probably win a V.C. Instead, thanks to the treachery of his old foe, he is accused of cowardice, and narrowly escapes a court-martial. And though the charge is dropped, henceforth he goes in terror of its leaking out. Nevertheless, he won't send in his papers. Through the ignoble years of peace, married for love to the wrong girl, not daring to confide in her, shocked by the reappearance of his enemy, who may confide, still he plods on, piously focussed on another chance. In 1940, he is Lieut.-Colonel Methuen, willing to settle for a D.S.O. But he is just the same; Brigadier Hermiston is just the same; and just the same happens again. Still he has not touched bottom; after three years of desolation in the Pay Corps comes the lowest depth—and then the miracle of a reprieve. So that in 1944 Methuen is the brigadier, on the Italian front, and his old menace the Lieut.-Colonel. This time he shan't tell lies; he is about to have an accident. And so he does—a real, retributive and crushing accident. But Methuen, in piety, throws it away, and with it his own future.

It is perhaps unjust to recall "Operation Heart-break" and its modest hero. Yet a disarming schoolboy soul ought not, like Methuen, to be a critic of the age, and unrelentingly censorious; while on the other hand, for a grown man to say, "I don't underconstumble" is a shade too much. But in the military life and drama we have great amends.

OTHER FICTION.

Of "Mrs. Betsey; or Widowed and Wed," by Francesca Marton (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), it is enough to say that it succeeds "Attic and Area." At least, for those who read "Attic and Area." To the less fortunate, I may describe this as the cosiest of books—a long, delectable pastiche about a treasure of a country girl, embarked on London service in the early days of Queen Victoria, and showing her worth in a whole series of dramatic straits. And yet pastiche seems an unlucky word; this tale was through-and-through Victorian—only more cosily nostalgic, and designed for show.

And here we get another slice. Ten years have passed; and Mrs. Betsey Jordan has to begin the world, with four young children on her hands. Poor Joe, he ought not to have kept an inn. And Betsey ought not to have married him; the right man was Ned Stace, her country sweetheart. But it is no use crying over spilt milk. She has been recommended for a good place as a gentleman's housekeeper, where she can sometimes see the little ones. . . .

Betsey has always been adventure-prone, in the Victorian style. So it is no surprise when the imagined stately home turns out to be a monument of squalor and decay, ruled by a grubby, gin-swilling old misanthrope called Dirty Dick. Just the right subject for a transformation-scene. A touch of Betsey's wand—and Dirty Dick is the distinguished, youthful-looking Mr. Fynes, with everything handsome about him. And after that comes the jewel robbery: the perilous venture among thieves: the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and the faithful Ned. Again the years roll by—and pretty Lucy Jordan goes out as a lady's-maid. Her head being turned with vanity and novelettes, she is blown speedily off-course, through the "gay scenes" her mother never knew. But she is really a good girl; and all ends happily and neatly, as of course it should.

These are the baldest hints. They can't suggest the copious and varied action, the delightful style.

"Rapture in My Rags," by Phyllis Hastings (Dent; 12s. 6d.), is the self-told, improbable, poetic drama of a lone girl who loved a scarecrow. Agnes is not supposed to be all there. She is the changeling of a vulgar brood—a "creature of cobwebs and dreams," stuck with a savage father who despises her. So she made Scarecrow as a comfort; and he comes to life. He is her man, her very own; and if he tries to go away, father may tell the police of him. Luckily he is frightened of the police. And then it all seems to go wrong. There is no bond; Scarecrow is not her scarecrow, only a convicted murderer—and she believes that is the end. But on the contrary: it is the prelude to a tragic love, out of this world.

Frankly, the pure untutored Eve, the mazed Miranda of the farm, starts off no better than you would expect. Yet as the story gathers way, she becomes terrible with singlemindedness, and the whole desperate melodrama touches the sublime.

"Welcome Death," by Glyn Daniel (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), concerns the murder of the most hated figure in Llanddewi, during its Welcome Home festivities. It is quite normal for a corpse to have been much disliked; but Evan Morgan has such a phalanx of ill-wishers—chiefly male relative or suitors of assorted flames—that, in the current phrase, it is just not true. The story is well-written, solid and ingenious, with a hopeful sart; but before long, excess of the correct idea has crowded out the human interest.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN 1946, when Britain lost to the U.S.S.R. in a famous radio match by only 18—6, the average age of our team was forty, of the Russian team only twenty-seven. Early this month the two countries faced each other again: the average age of our team was now forty-two, of our opponents only twenty-five! The result, a crushing defeat by 18½—1½, speaks for itself. We must encourage our young players more!

In this delightful skirmish from Board 2, Golombek, it seems to me, plays into his opponent's hands by seizing the proffered pawn on moves six and seven at the expense of development. Of all the world's players, Bronstein is perhaps the most skilful in sacrificing material for position. 6. . . . QKt-Q2 or 7. . . . Kt-B3 appear sounder.

On move ten, White's advantage in development reaches its maximum. He has five pieces in good play, Black only two; and one of these (his Queen) is so exposed to indirect attack as to be more a liability than an asset.

The piece sacrifice which follows is pretty, but few strong players would shrink from the transaction which, at the reasonable cost of a knight, increases the ratio of developed pieces from 5:2 to 3:1, leaves White threatening mate on the move, and postpones the development of Black's KB and KR until after the result of the game has—in effect—been decided.

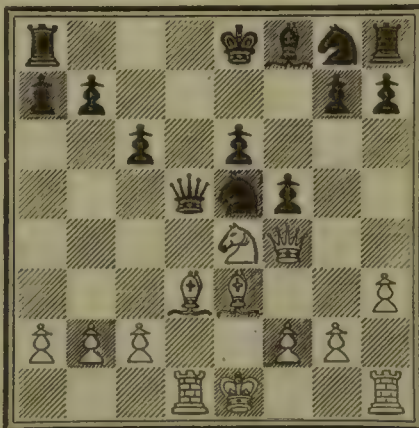
Against 19. . . . Q-Q2 (the only other feasible reply to the threat of 20. R-B8 mate), White would win by 20. Q-Kt8ch, K-K2; 21. R-B7.

21. . . . P-KR3 is played because White threatened an immediate win by 22. B-Kt5ch.

23. . . . R-R2 is mere desperation; there is really no defence against the threat of 24. B-B5ch, followed by B×B.

The answer to 26. . . . R×B would have been 27. Q-KR8ch, ending the exchange up. Why did not Golombek resign here? Probably because he would rather lose in thirty moves than twenty-five!

BRONSTEIN	GOLOMBK	BRONSTEIN	GOLOMBK
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB3	16. Q×QKtP	R-Q1
2. Kt-QB3	P-Q4	17. R×Rch	K×R
3. Kt-B3	B-Kt5	18. R-B1	Q-Q6
4. P-KR3	B×Kt	19. R×P	Kt-Q2
5. Q×B	P-K3	20. R-B8ch	K-K2
6. P-Q4	P×P	21. R-B7	P-KR3
7. Kt×P	Q×P	22. P-KKt3	P-Kt4
8. B-Q3	Kt-Q2	23. Q-B8	R-R2
9. B-K3	Q-Q4	24. B-B5ch	K-B3
10. R-Q1	Kt-K4	25. B×B	Kt-K4
11. Q-B4	P-KB4	26. B-K7ch	K-Kt3
12. Castles	Kt×B	27. Q×Pch	K-R4
13. R×Kt	Q×Kt	28. Q×Kt	P-B5
14. Q-B7	Kt-B3	29. B-Q6	P×P
15. R-Q4	Q×BP	30. Q-K8ch	Resigns



Position after 11. . . . P-KB4: White Castles!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

THERE must be many former young writers, now of middle age, who will remember with gratitude the encouragement given to them by Mr. Wilson Harris when he was Editor of the *Spectator* between the wars, and many readers of all ages to whom the writings of Janus have been a continuing delight. In his autobiography, "Life So Far" (Cape; 21s.), he recalls with pride his introduction of the Undergraduate Page into the *Spectator*. "The fact that a page of the *Spectator* was set apart each week for articles by undergraduates of any university or university college in the United Kingdom would, I hoped, be something of an encouragement to young writers." It certainly was, and Mr. Wilson Harris' further hope that it might bring to light hitherto unknown talent has also been justified. Only the other day I was looking again at some of these articles, later reproduced in book form under the title, "The Voice of Under-Thirty." It was

interesting to see how many of the writers have become well known fifteen years later and how well most of their contributions still read—though maturity and altered circumstances have made many of the opinions then so confidently asserted seem brash, or shamefully out of date. The idea, and it was Mr. Wilson Harris's, was a good one and as one who can remember the initial discussion at which the original contributors were introduced to each other, I would like to raise my hat to him in retrospective salute.

This is a most pleasing autobiography. If ever I reach years of sufficient indiscretion (and have ever done anything worth recording) I hope I shall write one like it. There is nothing spectacular in it. But then one would hardly expect that from one whose early years in a Quaker household are so pleasantly, gently, and indeed movingly recorded. In some parts of the West of Ireland, where the Society of Friends lived up to the Quakers' high ideals of gentleness and mercy during the horrors of the Famine, they still include a prayer for "the holy Quakers." As one who regards them from a distance, there is something very attractive about the Quaker way of life, the high standards which Quakers set themselves and to which they live up. For this reason, therefore, I found the early part of the book—normally the duller in any autobiography—as rewarding as any. For the rest it follows a familiar if sometimes mazy pattern. There is Cambridge and the Union—of which he was President—and anecdotes (including one admirable one) of the great O. B., the author (or was he?) of the famous remark about "the nicest Emperor I have ever met." There is plenty of interesting stuff about his early days in journalism. There is some less interesting material about the period between the wars when he was a pillar of the League of Nations Union. I don't follow Mr. Wilson Harris here—into the tepidarium, as I once christened it, of the Reform Club, a world of woolly ideas (I mean "woolly"—a form of explosive wooliness), of ineffective protests delivered in gentlemanly tones on all the world's evils and achieving precisely nothing. The later Wilson Harris, the wise, witty and public-spirited M.P. for Cambridge University, is more satisfying. The passing of the university members, *quorum pars maxima fuerat*, was a tragedy which leaves the House of Commons the poorer for the disappearance from its deliberations of men such as Sir Alan Herbert and Mr. Wilson Harris. The book is formless, occasionally a little self-regarding (but isn't that what an autobiography, if it is to give an impression of the man, should be?)—and excellent.

A very different autobiography is "Cherrill of the Yard," by ex-Superintendent Fred Cherrill (Harrap; 15s.), the life-story of a man of action who will long be remembered in the history of Scotland Yard as the greatest Chief of the Fingerprint Section which that institution has ever had. Mr. Cherrill must be an extraordinary man, not least from the fact that, as he tells us, from his earliest youth, when others are dreaming of one day driving engines or directing Cabinets, he had one steady, unwavering ambition—to become a detective. Indeed, it was even more precise than that. He wanted to be a detective dealing with the then little-known forensic science of fingerprints. One sometimes hears criticism of the police, talk of lowered standards of conduct, integrity or efficiency. The reply sometimes is "What can you expect on the pay?" The answer is given occasionally explicitly, and throughout implicitly in this book. The police force is a service, and those who are not prepared to regard it as such and serve it and the community with selfless devotion it demands have no place there. It is this singleminded devotion to duty which breathes from every page of the book which, more even than the fascinating stories of the famous cases in which Mr. Cherrill was engaged and which he recounts so clearly and so admirably, caught and held my attention throughout.

Now to switch back to a writer—for although "The Lamartine Ladies," by Laura M. Ragg (Macdonald; 16s.), deals with the mother, the wife and the niece of the great romantic poet, it is in effect an excellent biography of Alphonse de Lamartine. It is true that it is claimed for him that he was a great statesman. I will not have it. If Mr. Wilson Harris had been a great poet and had been a minor French aristocrat in the first

half of the nineteenth century, he would have made his mark on the literary history but only a slight impression on the political history of the time. It is true that for a moment Lamartine was an idolised leader of the French middle classes, terrified of the new terror which the Revolution of 1848 seemed about to unleash, but he did nothing with his leadership and when a man of real determination emerged, he was brushed helplessly and contemptuously aside. The Reform Club would have made much of him (I dare say they did). Still, this picture of my favourite nineteenth-century French poet, seen through the eyes of three remarkable, charming and adoring women, is as fresh as it is unusual.

I predict a ready sale for "Queen Salote and Her Kingdom," by Sir Harry Luke (Putnam; 9s. 6d.). Sir Harry is very well qualified to write on the subject as he has spent part of his pro-consular career in those regions of the Pacific and is on terms of friendship with the Tongan Royal House. It is a delightful tale he tells of pleasant people (nowadays) in perfect surroundings. One thing is missing. I can see no mention of my favourite story of the visit of a previous Queen of Tonga to Queen Victoria!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

A SKYSCRAPER WALLED IN TEN HOURS, AND NEWS ITEMS FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA.



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AN AMERICAN ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW DR. BOMBARD'S LEAD: THE RAFT LEHI AT SAN FRANCISCO. Mr. D. Baker and a crew of four plan to drift in this raft, which has a small sail and a radio set, across the Pacific towards Hawaii, living off marine life and rain water, after the fashion of Dr. Alain Bombard.



NOT TOOTH-PASTE FROM TUBES, BUT JETS OF FOAM FROM THE HOSES OF AN R.A.F. FIRE-FIGHTING SQUAD. This curious photograph, in which the wriggling jets of foam seem strangely static, was taken on July 9 during a fire-fighting exhibition staged by the R.A.F., R.N., U.S.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. in Surrey.



THE DOOR OF THE DOMINICAN CONSULATE IN WILTON STREET, S.W.1, FROM WHICH THE TWO DOMINICAN REPUBLIC DIPLOMATS STAGGERED AFTER A FATAL SHOOTING INCIDENT.



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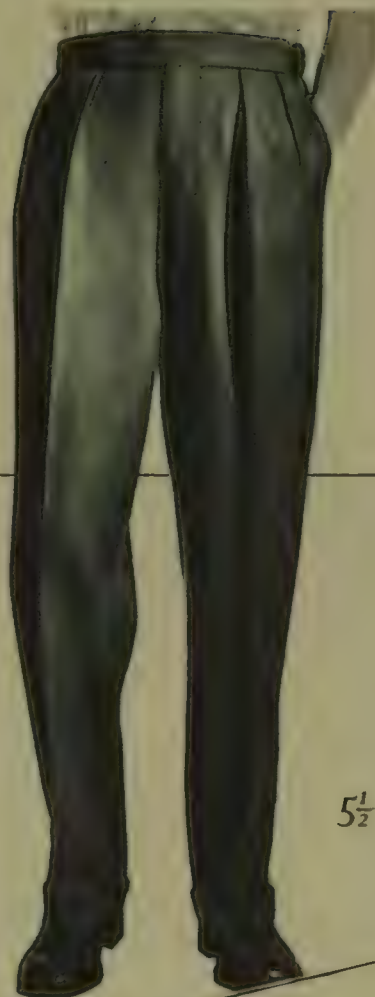
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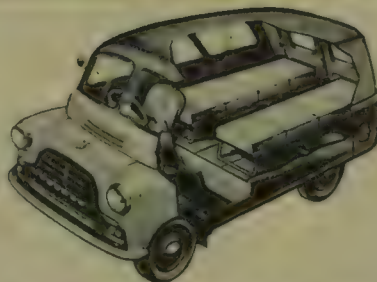
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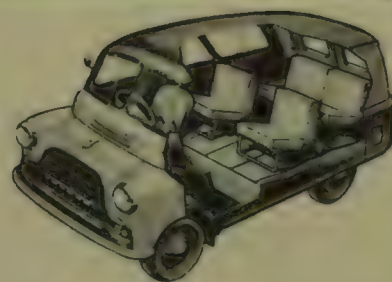
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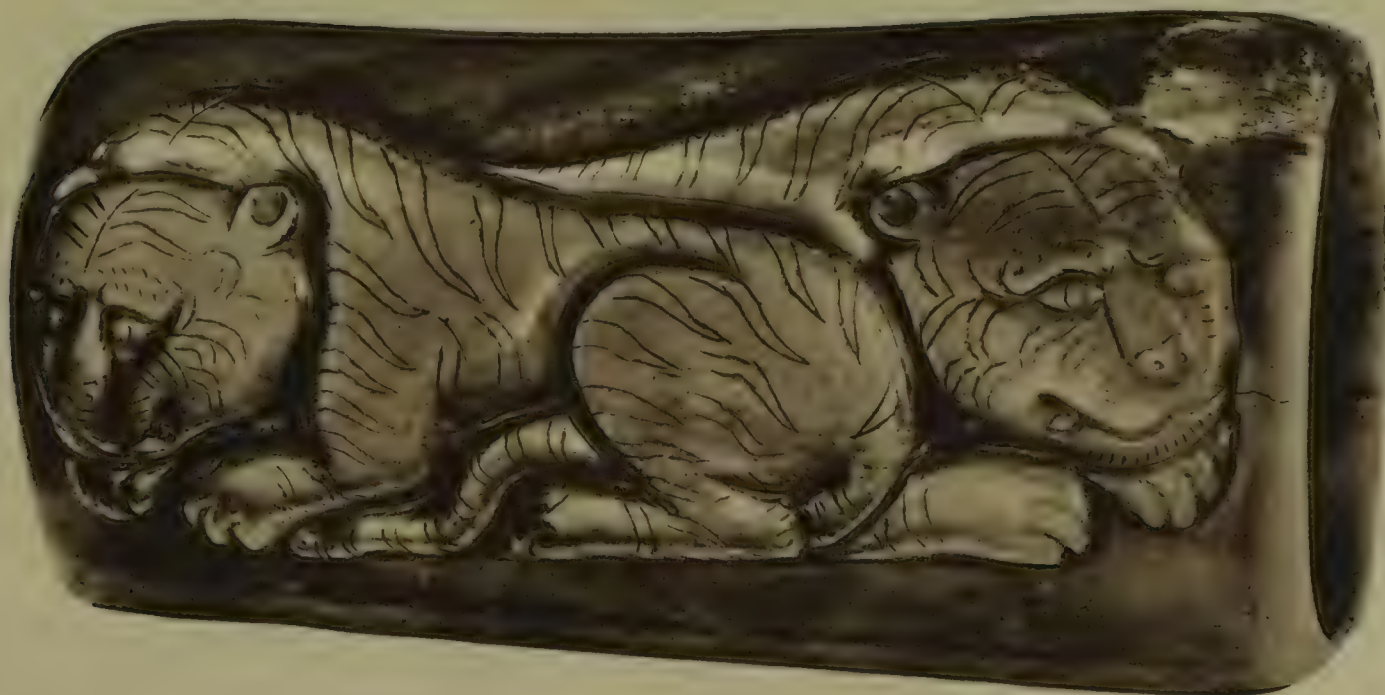
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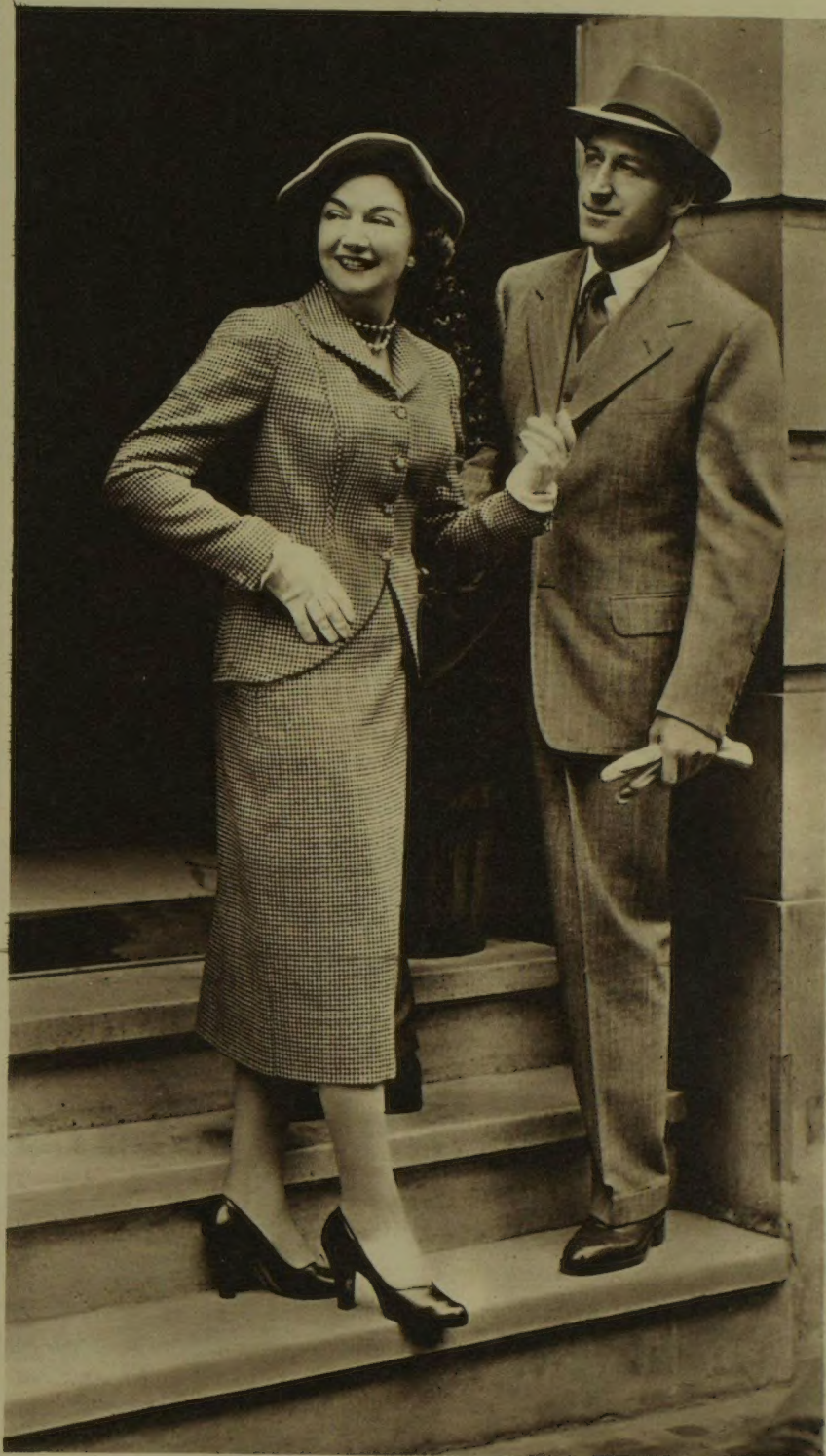


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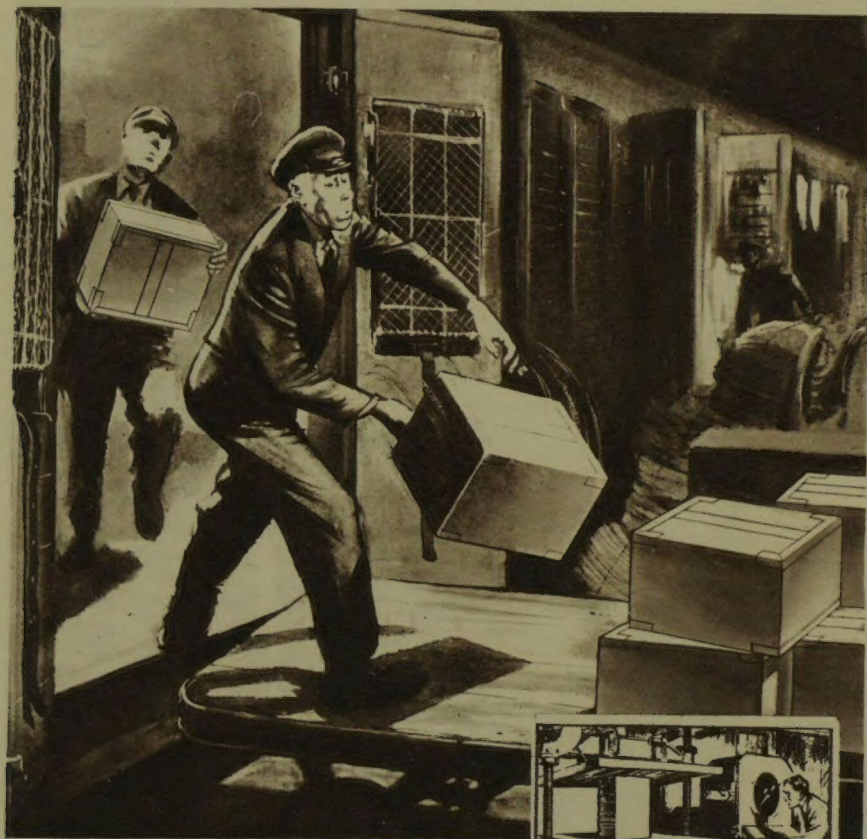
The lady's suit in dogstooth, overchecked Burscot tweed, is cut on semi-classic lines with pencil skirt, cutaway jacket front and ornamental slip pockets. Price £35.0.4. The gentleman's lounge suit, in fine quality saxony, is one of many ready-to-wear styles and fittings in attractive materials from about £20.

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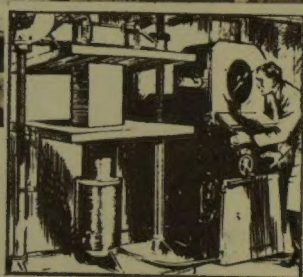
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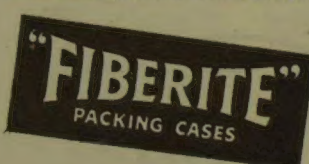
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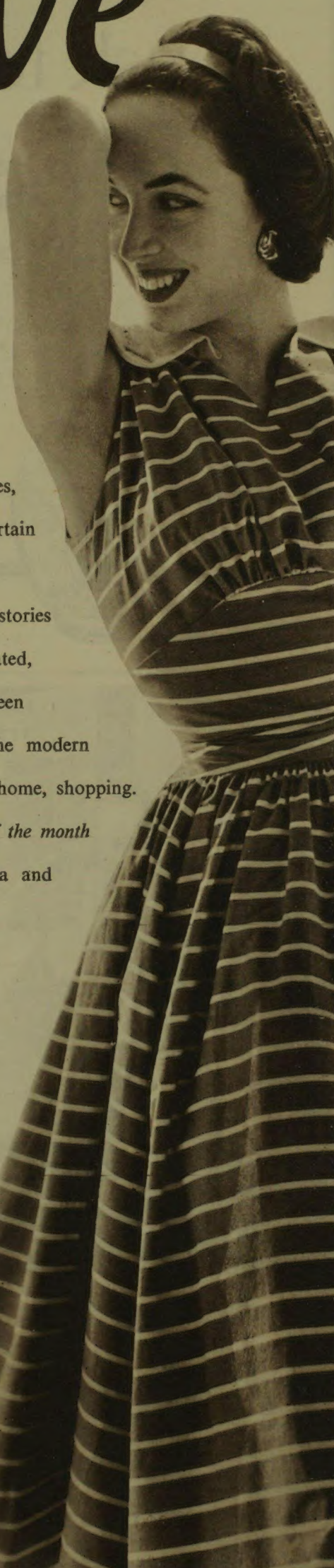
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